YOUTH'S ADVENTURE

ALLAN A. HUNTER

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YOUTH'S ADVENTURE

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BY

ALLAN A. HUNTER

FOREWORD BY

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

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IN MEMORIAM

THEODORE LEE SAFFORD

WHOSE LIFE WILL EVER BE
A GALLANT CHALLENGE TO
HIS FRIENDS

FOREWORD

This seems to me a book of very considerable significance. Much is being said about the younger generation; in this book an important and often misunderstood part of the younger generation becomes articulate and speaks for itself. Any one who knows the better sort of mind and character among students in our colleges and professional schools will recognize that this essay voices their unrest, their impatience of conventionality, their irreverence before traditional bogies, and, at the same time, their seriousness, their candor, their ardent faith in a more decent world, their search for a vital religion.

Men of older years would better take seriously the attitude which this book represents. Some of us already are committed to its main positions. Having lost all confidence in the "old-minded" from whose senescent ineptitude came the Great War and the miserable bun-

gling of its aftermath, we have turned to the sort of Youth Movement which this essay stands for, as a hopeful sign. We trust that, so far from resigning its questioning of traditional solutions, its hatred of cant and hypocrisy, its love of candor, its unconventional venturesomeness, the new generation will be remorseless in bringing the family, the church, the nation, the industrial order, the war system, to the bar of its independent judgment. It will not be infallible in its estimates. But it may help to save us from complacently expecting to save the world without the expense of changing it. It may help to reveal the folly of continuing the old prejudices, relying on the old shibboleths, practicing the old sins which have so lately brought western civilization to the verge of disruption.

Mr. Hunter does not speak for all the younger generation. Some are too flippant, some too sensual, some too selfish, some too conventional to find in him their spokesman. But he speaks for many of the best of them and I wish that he spoke for more.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Foreword	vii
I.	Youth and the Systems	1
II.	The Venture of Trust	13
III.	Abandoning an Old Dug-Out	29
IV.	Toward a Functional Society	55
V.	Men and Women	77
VI.	Race Reconciliation	94
VII.	Growth versus Senescence	117
VIII.	Beyond Science	136

YOUTH'S ADVENTURE

CHAPTER I

YOUTH AND THE SYSTEMS

THE thing that the present generation reacts more violently against than anything else is stuffiness. If you want to make a girl feel she is out of the race, call her mid-Victorian. If you want to cut a young man to the quick, call him a prig. Stuffiness in any form, whether in blue-stockinged conduct or in stiff-necked doctrine, is under the ban.

What is demanded now is ventilation of the mind; freedom from sham and that sentimentality which sugar-coats reality.

We can recognize a devil in the world. The devil is the spirit of divisiveness that stupidly withers life away. There is a sin against the Holy Ghost too. That sin is boredom, the ennui, the deadening sense of meaningless

monotony that eats out the spirit of men when they are making no contribution of bread or joy, of machinery or truth, of healing or beauty, to their fellows. This sin we observe as a dry rot here and there in society, low and high, and here and there in religious organizations. Whether this curse of stupid snobbishness takes the form of stodgy, non-productive denominationalism or of complacent small-town aristocracy, whether it is a matter of sects or sets, welcoming only the properly immersed or the properly introduced, it leaves the atmosphere equally sick and musty. It is the attitude of shutting oneself off from others. There results dullness of soul that we despise and that we fight with our very life.

Some older people seem to look upon this questioning and restlessness of youth, this attempt to break through the crust of custom that closes the present generation off from fuller life, as a momentary eruption of iconoclasts shouting, "To thunder with Authority!"; an eruption that will die down and grow cold with the responsibilities of Maturity. "You are feeling your oats now," such is their diag-

nosis and prognosis, "but when you have to earn enough to put your children through college, then you will be sensible and settle down." But the yeast stirring over the world, vaguely called the Youth Movement, is not so easy to explain as that. Part of it is disillusionment about old dogmas, disenchantment about the activities of the older generation which have proved to be utterly irrelevant to the purposes of life. Part of it is the transfer of allegiance from the authority of dogmas to the authority of the scientific method. The significant characteristic is not irresponsible "self-expression"; it is social consciousness, the desire for freedom to create and express personality.

This disorganized groping for reality and for the release of personality, loosely labeled the youth movement, is not to be measured by statistics. In Germany and China it is conspicuous. In the United States it is small as a mustard seed. The chief danger that the young encounter in America is no temptation to radicalism. It is what George A. Coe calls "the soporific of conventionality." And a great number of students give in to that

temptation with alarming thoroughness. "They imitate us too much, not too little."

It is a curious paradox that members of the youth movement are continually being upbraided for cocksureness, self-assertiveness, when as a matter of truth they are almost painfully abject. Previous generations were inclined to walk over the earth complacent in the belief that it was man's and the fullness thereof; all creatures were made for him. But science humbles those who take it seriously. Looking through the telescope one is numbed with the vastness of the universe; on it man appears as a speck. Man's puny fists can pound against no stars to force them to fight in their course for him. Again, historical criticism and the psychology of religion have thrown a cold searching light not only upon the scriptures, but upon man's very soul. The Great War made one drop as useless baggage all but the simplest and most portable of creeds and conventions. The peace that followed exposed old institutions of government and society breaking up. This age has raised too many questions. As Chesterton points out, even the

trusted laws of gravitation, thanks to Einstein, appear now to be dancing with a lamentable levity.

We are a bewildered generation. Some of us would answer the vastness and intricacy of our problems by attempting to make a loud noise . . . as though jazz could drown out our sense of smallness, our torment of confusion. But all this is whistling in the dark; and we know it.

This bewilderment, however, is giving way to enthusiasm for a new idea—the young-minded of the world can find common ground. One step in this direction is the realization that we mutually appreciate certain values:

A man on a desert island counts for almost nothing. He cannot do anything worth while by himself. He cannot mean anything by himself. It is people who make life interesting. What we strive after is to be on our toes, exuberant, aware; to take such deep drafts of life to-day that to-morrow we shall breathe even more deeply and be even more alive. We want increasingly to widen ourselves so that we shall more and more incorporate within

ourselves the vibrating life of others. We want to be caught up in thrilling projects. The world is so made that we cannot go on and on, free from the likelihood of colliding with others, unless we coöperate with them and share with them the best we have.

The quest of the wandering, singing groups of German youth for freer, more creative life, is in this direction. The Chinese Renaissance Movement with its emphasis on social reconstruction and its impatience with superstitions is also significant; one of the societies has for its motto: "Our Association dedicates itself to social service under the guidance of the scientific spirit in order to realize our ideal of creating a Young China." In Japan the agitation for the privileges of "Democracy" is not always restricted by young Japanese to themselves; many of them would extend the opportunity of self-government to the Koreans. They seem wholeheartedly to be opposed to the military domination of their *genro*. No doctrinal pessimism of Buddhistic sects in the Far East will paralyze the eagerness of our contemporaries for fuller life; we can be sure of that. In

northern Africa and the Near East the Mohammedans are showing us the fatuity of our Western discrimination against other races. As for India, one meets there a number of students who are stepping across the boundaries of their traditional castes, to include in their fellowship the untouchables. Here there is encountered an unshakable faith in the sheer supremacy of spirit over matter, and a radiant brotherliness that would bring them naturally to meet us on common ground.

I believe that not only can we join here, but we can go together on an even wider basis, holding in common a reverence for the divine fire in human life. No doubt it interests only those who care for friends intensely, but many of us who care with all our heart and all our strength agree that personality must somehow continue. Speaking of the findings of a group of foreign and English students in an English university seeking for a common religious platform, an undergraduate told me that they all agreed on these two principles, reverence for personality and the immortality of the soul.

Even though not all of our generation would go so far, we are unanimous in one thing, and that is the desire for candor. We have had enough of intrigue and furtive covenants furtively arrived at among the nations. Enough of government-propagated lies about other peoples. Enough, too, of smug unhealthy concealment by older folks of the vital facts about the sources of life.

Most of all, it is dawning on us that men can be trusted, and that it is childish for us to act toward each other with the old slant-eyed suspicion that has led to war and nearly wrecked Europe. Give people a chance and they can be counted on to respond in the right direction—that is our simplified faith to-day. It is not only the seers, it is the biologists, the anthropologists, the sociologists who teach us now that mankind is one. And observation of what is happening in East and West convinces us that among the peoples there is being articulated a demand; that the traditional habits separating men from men give place to the habits that knit them together. This demand we believe is linked up with the

spiritual forces working through the world.

But it is resisted by a network of traditional systems in which we are all involved, systems of habits which many in power are ready to defend at any cost to human life. As we seek a method of living together in a world where mutual trust will take the place of suspicion, we know that the present system of lawlessness by which nations deal with one another must go, and there must come world organization for peace; wholesale economic exploitation must go and there must come industrial democracy; involuntary indiscriminate parenthood must go and there must come a new kinship with women, a new conscience regarding birth; race rancor must go and there must come race reconciliation; the schooling that produces unquestioning obedience must go, and there must come the new education that releases personality. Divisive dogmas must go, and there must come that faith which is "reverence for the other man's reverence," and the adventure of striving evermore for the life that is shared.

Now youth is in a delicate, almost an anomalous position. Everything it has it owes to the past, even the right and capacity to question its heritage. As John Dewey says: "There is no greater delusion than that of being able, really, to stand and act alone—an unnamed form of insanity which is responsible for a large part of the remediable suffering of the world."

But despite this indebtedness there is a greater obligation, the obligation to discriminate, and select and readapt and change these cramping systems. Toward these systems, Age seems to be abnormally cautious. It is here that the gap between the older and younger generation begins, and it will not be easily bridged.

Coöperation is becoming increasingly difficult. For there are many with whom those who demand sincerity cannot come to terms at all. Traditionalists completely under the grip of systems of habits, they have become obstructive by nature. They do not believe in self-expression for others, in frankness or the taking of risks or cameraderie. They will

use all their power to entangle us in the red tape into which they have wound themselves.

It only remains to go on without them. They are like an old mother duck, described by Olive Schreiner, "who, having for years led her ducklings to the same pond, when the pond has been drained and nothing is left but baked mud, will still persist in bringing her younglings down to it, and walks about with flapping wings and anxious quacks, trying to induce them to enter in. But the ducklings, with fresh young instincts, hear far off the delicious drippings from the new dam which has been built higher up to catch the water, and they smell the chickweed and the long grass that is growing up beside it; and absolutely refuse to disport themselves on the baked mud and to pretend to seek for worms where no worms are. And they leave the ancient mother quacking beside her pond and set out to seek for new pastures—perhaps to lose themselves upon the way? Perhaps to find them?"

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CHAPTER II

THE VENTURE OF TRUST

THE doctrines which were inspiring enough to our fathers, such as the threat of brimstone and eternal torment or the lure of haloes and golden streets to come, the tyranny of demons and dragons, the virgin birth of Buddha, the verbal inspiration of the Koran, the divine descent of the Mikado—doctrines such as these, many youths to-day cannot accept. Nor, in a sense, can they take over glibly from the past any doctrine at all, because to be genuine, a spiritual truth must be achieved by oneself out of a struggle. If it is not so battled for and won out of experience, it has no meaning—no meaning, at least, for us.

It is not only that most of the old dogmas are being more and more definitely contradicted by those generalizations from experience known as scientific laws. It is that they

make one complacent and self-righteous; they cut one off from other men, subverting religion from a coöperative quest for life into a heated debate.

In the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is a star marking the place where tradition holds that Jesus was born. The star is cherished so fanatically by priests of three contentious sects that, on the first Christmas morning after the armistice, British soldiers had to remain on guard with fixed bayonets to prevent these rival religionists from jumping at each other's throats. A quarrel about that star is said to have led to the Crimean War. In somewhat the same way, those who set a premium on doctrines are showing an inclination the world over to shake fists at each other over what in reality is only the furniture of their faith.

Older minds seem content to patch up the evils of controversial or overmechanized systems of religion. Younger minds prefer to be direct and open. We had rather not attempt to consolidate or tinker with those dogmas.

Dr. Edwin Slosson says we are going

through "the greatest revolution of thought that the world has ever seen, the Einstein theory of relativity, the Planck theory of quanta, the chromosome theory of heredity, the hormone theory of temperament, the new knowledge of the universe and of the workings of the human mind." Before this prospect of readjustment it is absurd to run to cover, huddling among the inherited creeds. For science is beginning to offer us the technic by which the forces around us and in us can be controlled. It is more effective to adapt ourselves to the changes we see; to re-articulate our spiritual experiences in terms that have contemporary meaning and vitality.

Why should we not seek a free and common basis of spirit and live without friction together on that common basis? Is that a vain quest? Older men seem to assume that it is: that those who are of the fold of Confucius, Moses, Buddha, Mohammed or Christ have been angrily separated from each other through the centuries and can never come together. But suppose that instead of forms and traditions, and systems of dogmas, there

were put forth but one single aim: to make this world a better place to live in. Would that not make the way clear? The sacredness of a man's personality, the right of a man to get into relation with the sources of spirit in his own unhindered way, the thrill of fearlessly attacking mutual problems together, this would be an avenue along which we could travel without hindering animosities. Studying comparative religions we have hints that the founders, were they living to-day, would be with us in this undertaking. Meeting young-minded adventurers in those religions, we are quickened to discover that we can step right over the old embarrassments and speak candidly to each other.

"My religion," said a brilliant young Indian Mohammedan to me, "is *Youth;* that is, spontaneity, idealism, grace; and *Beauty,* the beauty of the God that I find in clouds and sunshine, in the friendship of men and women; and *Service,* the service of being a good neighbor, a good citizen." Meer Mahmoud's deity is addressed by a name different from mine, but we found with luminous surprise that we

both had faith in the Unseen, that we both desired the light of science, the play of humor and the gleam of kinship, beauty and service. "The thing I know utterly," he said as we shook hands good-by, "is this, I could never betray a friend."

As I looked into the sincerity and friendship of his eyes, what before had been but a theory became suddenly a conviction: the necessity for youth in East and West to put before all creeds the universal creed of the sportsman who says: "May the fittest ideal triumph, my friend, whether yours or mine."

I, of course, turn naturally to Jesus as touchstone, not only because to me he vindicates the gropings of youth, but because he makes forever vivid those values, values beyond the reach of science, toward which an evolving world must move.

"May it not be," says a leader of the Canadian student movement, "that we stand to-day at the crucial point of evolution, the point at which conscious mind, by far the most striking development of the life force up to the present, is to give place to something as

much greater than itself as consciousness was superior to the purely instinctive reactions of earlier species? This does not imply the dissolution or loss of consciousness, but rather its absorption and comprehension in some higher mode of life, much as the instinctive factors are absorbed and comprehended in a well-lived conscious life to-day." David Ketcham, who has earned his faith and the right to speak, out of the fire of experience (in a prison camp in Germany and in efforts to express a creative passion for music), is aware that we cannot form any valid conceptions of what such a new mode of life might be. If we could, it would not be really new. But to him there are already what seem to be "glimpses of it visible in the lives of a few human beings in whom the change would appear already to have taken place, in poets like Shakespeare, musicians like Beethoven, heroes like Christ." The later sonatas are no mere products of conscious thought processes. When Jesus says: "He that loseth his life shall find it," consciousness is there and active, but active only as an instrument of something un-

speakably great, "about which we prudently say nothing when we call it genius."

It is risky to conjecture that the fundamental urgency or adventurous *élan* of the cosmic process is the same as that of Jesus—toward the production of personality. Nevertheless, as daring spirits have acted on this sense of divine values, this confidence in a relationship wider than the human, to which he committed himself, they have somehow been able to get results that seem real. Tremendous forces have been set into motion not readily available to cynics who see no ultimate value in anything. Moreover, in the outlook of J. A. Thompson, characterizing evolution, there is "the stubborn dominance of mind over matter," an upward spiral movement in which mind is gaining more and more freedom from the ordinary trammels of protoplasm.

In that spiral movement Jesus reaches a freedom for the creation and expression of personality that makes clear and commanding the attitude toward the universe that seems most worth while.

There is a prejudice in the minds of many

against the very name Christ because he has been entombed in cold lava-like interpretations, identified with what some young Chinese call "Christianity—a subtle form of exploitation by western nations."

Yet as we see Jesus freshly, with the aid of recent scholarship, we find that he personified, far more than we have guessed, our eagerness for reality.

The customary barriers by which men in his day shut each other out of fellowship one with another, he walked right through as a ghost ignores a wall.

To associate with unclean persons who eat lobster, pig or hare is *verboten,* maintained the authorities, the elders, smug with power. Nonsense, answered the young man of Nazareth. And he proceeded to expose for what it was the organized religion of his time: it might be elaborately painted on the outside like the Easter eggs one sometimes sees; but the life was blown out of it. He would not honor a shell, with smooth and solemn platitudes, no matter how prettily tinted or how popularly cherished.

In making his demand for a revolutionary readjustment of values and conduct, he could refresh himself with humor; the redeeming sense of the laughable difference between the conventional perfunctory way of living and his. On one occasion, so it is reported, a religious honorable paid him a visit. He came, it seems, by night, with "that indirectness which some call diplomacy." As the conversation progressed, the venerable cut-and-dried program of salvation, which had been absorbing all the time and interest of the older man, became plainly less and less desirable. Turning to the young teacher he said, "Well, then what must I do?" Instead of the expected solemn answer this was what fell on the elder's ears: "You must be born again!" A fresh start, that. And a somewhat picturesque one for a gray-bearded Nicodemus.

Watching Jesus pitting himself against the pedantic ceremonialism, the meticulous legalism, the sanctified exploitation of the old-minded who "love their habits more than life itself," we see a leader stepping naturally into our midst.

The Pharisaism of our day that rivets upon folk rigid adherence to traditions regardless of what these traditions do to life often bewilders us into vague rage against it, or the bitterness that sees not the value but only the cost of fighting against it. But Jesus was no tired radical. He threw the force and youth of his spirit against organized deadness without cynicism. Here was a spirit that could sweep stuffiness away like a wind from the mountains. Here was a man who had the thrill of spring in his heart. As if when he breathed he took in the freshness and power of God.

Obstructive traditions he pushed out of the way; once he upset the tables of the money changers in the temple so that the elders could not possibly miss his point. But his attitude was not one of querulous impatience or blind revolt against conventionality. First and last it was eagerness, eagerness to have men submit themselves to the infinite friendly energy around them as a seed surrenders itself to growth.

Jesus believed utterly in the Coming Age. There are scholars who argue that he was mis-

taken in his views regarding it; the kingdom did not come as soon as he expected it to. His ethical demands, they continue, are accordingly not valid in a world where progress is infinitely slow. And this is a judgment which, although disputed by other textual scholars, we must admit involves difficulties in interpreting him.

No conclusion from scholarship, however, can take away the compelling beauty of what was so indelible in his eyes: the picture of a kingdom of right relationships; an order not to be postponed, in which men would treat each other with the same insight that he had, conscious of being children of a common source, members of one family. No matter how much he may have been limited to the terminology and categories of his day, there is always present this clear and urgent vision of better human relationships. The peculiar form in which he expressed this sense of eternally important realities should not blind or confuse us. No caviling interpretations can exempt youth from the obligation of working for that Coming Age as Jesus did.

Back of every gentle gesture, behind every considerate word and act of healing, there was this iron urgency: "Beware of eternal torpor. Get into life!" Our tendency now is to condone evil under the delusion that we are thus maintaining "the sanctity of tolerance." Jesus did not pussyfoot. He was inexorable in facing men with reality in themselves. With ruthless directness he exposes not only the obvious obstacles to life such as murder or hatred or adultery or falsehood, but most of all the half-heartedness that is satisfied with things as they are; the hypocrisy of self-deception that finally blinds one to the sediment on the inside of the cup. He would not let men close their eyes to the law that to get into life one must become absorbed in useful service. Always one had to choose a difficult upward path, or be lost on an easy downward road of futility.

It was an insight into values, a high estimate of men that made him so ruthless with them.

The way Jesus discovered himself in folk customarily scorned makes it impossible now for us to look complacently at the great masses

whom conditions have beaten down. He was able unmistakably to demonstrate that there were creative forces at work among them, awaiting recognition; minute, perhaps, but containing incalculable power. With a sensitiveness, a responsiveness, a reverence that more than anything else make of his life a miracle, he made outcasts at home with him. Women who had cheapened themselves found honor, lepers were warmed by his sympathy. The spirit of the Coming Age Jesus embodied with a brotherliness open as the blue sky. It was as if he exhibited and released in the slag heap people thought of as themselves a marvelous bit of radium. And this stamp of worth, of unlimited worth, that he put upon personality is the salient thing that Jesus did from which the human race cannot get away.

Even to Judas he gave himself without stint, heedless of the other's doubts or schemes. We can be sure that those months of close intimacy which he lavished upon the man who kept the moneybags did not blind him to what was going on in his friend's mind at the farewell supper they had together. Unconscious

gestures and glances would betray Judas long before he betrayed his leader. But all this did not shut him off from that chivalric companionship which began in Galilee. To the last Jesus shared all he was with Judas.

This demand for fellowship that was so passionate in him, Jesus saw as the soul of the universe. That there were forces deep in the world heart of things ever active and ever eager as himself to rescue the lost was his supreme hypothesis to which he gave all his powers of teaching, and the final breath of his being.

The way Jesus set out to demonstrate that fellowship is the one sure reality of the world makes him an explorer whose leadership we cannot put by. The one thing which he will not give up is kinship. Not only at the last supper with his friends, but in the garden of Gethsemane a few hours later, we see him probing for union with the illimitable Will. Always, even on the cross, he is reaching toward the Infinite, that spirit with spirit might meet.

He has been depicted as the man of sorrows,

passively knocking at the door of reluctant hearts. We think of him differently. For us he is winged victory, the unconquerable spirit of youth, pressing forward on the prow of a boat, arms stretched into the wind, in a venture of trust in life.

To-day there can be heard an increasing murmur against organized conventional perfunctory religion. It tends to preoccupy the minds of its adherents with outworn formulations of past experience rather than to occupy them with the task of solving present problems. It tends to put its own enlargement above the development of personality. Such, at least, is the feeling of many youth.

Those of us who have been brought up as Christians will show little grace if we point out the motes in our brother's eyes, our brothers of the mosques or synagogues or Hindu temples. Our question concerns rather those corporate expressions of faith avowedly organized around the person of Jesus. To these we say, and not without hope, "Will the Church give its strength and mind not to the doctrines that divide, but to the problems that make men

one? Will the Church face war and economic exploitation, the maladjustment between the sexes and the races, as uncompromisingly as Jesus faced the life-crushing systems of his day? Will the Church become a vehicle of that flaming passion which Jesus embodied, the passion for fellowship, the enhancing and the lifting up of life."

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CHAPTER III

ABANDONING AN OLD DUG-OUT

IF there is any one thing that multiplies stuffiness, any false motion that denies youth's venture of trust in life, it is modern war. Under the system of war and preparation for war, it is absolutely impossible to have truth respected in all matters, and personality reverenced in all places.

Trying to put ourselves in the place of those who to settle disputes between nations believe in the last resort in falling back upon war, we find that for the most part they aim to maintain high values which we, too, would uphold. They seek justice, freedom and security for those who are dear to them. For this they are willing to give their lives. We would do the same. It is the method that we question. That method has to be judged by the pragmatic test of results.

We can find nothing inherent in the process

of war to insure the triumph of righteousness. How much justice, for example, emerged from Britain's opium war which imposed a pernicious drug traffic upon China?

In the Great War, idealistic as our cause appeared to be, were the fourteen points actually established?

Many of our friends died in the belief that they were fighting "to end war." But hostilities and the mind set toward hostilities have not yet ceased. To "make the world safe for democracy" they had to go down into the darkness. To what effect? Three or four iron dictatorships in Europe; autocracy in place of freedom. Instead of liberty, such forces of war-breeding and law-breaking bitterness and hatred and violence were set loose as they never dreamed of.

As for the notion that war punishes the guilty, it may be that among the millions of picked men killed during the last great conflict, there were those who had a part in bringing on the catastrophe. But it seems that the instigators who were most definitely responsible did very little of the suffering; they did

not pay very heavily. It was boys like that young German, Otto Braun, in whom was genius and light for the human race, who had to pay, and with their lives. Those fellows buried under the enemy white crosses or crescents were not all against us. There is no telling what they and we could have done for this century together, as comrades. They had the capacity to lay down their lives for a principle that was not selfish.

The cost. Well, young men will not hesitate to leap into battle because of any picture of anguish or privation in store for themselves. There can be certain death ahead of poison gas or entanglement in barbed wire or crashing plane, and that would not hold us back. But there is a picture we are beginning to see with a terrible vividness that makes us pause and think. It is the bodies of children after an air-raid. Somehow we cannot close our eyes to what happens to them when gas bombs are dropped beside them, when TNT tears their arms off; or when a food blockade shrivels them so they will never have a decent chance to grow.

"But it is military necessity." Yes, that is just the trouble. Nothing human can be respected in war. It was military necessity that made nine million orphans and five million war widows. It was military necessity that weakened with undernourishment the bodies of an untold number of children in the Near East and Europe and scarred their minds forever. And we need not delude ourselves, it will be military necessity that will force us to cause the same misery and worse to other defenseless folk if ever again we resort to the organized mass murder that war has come to be. In war there can be no mercy for women or children; none whatever. We may say as most of the combatants were taught to say in the last war: "This particular war is different; it is for self-defense." But that cannot alter the ugly truth: if ever we rely on the method of war again we shall be participating in the madness of slaughtering, wholesale, the guiltless and the helpless.

And right here let us make it plain that we are now considering not the old type of combat and self-defense, but war as it is being de-

veloped, in the years ahead, of scientific ingenuity. If to-day it is technically possible for a fleet of airplanes to cross the English channel in half an hour and then within another hour drop enough gas bombs to annihilate most of the life within the largest city in the world, what will be the case ten, twenty, thirty years from now? The imagination may be able to grasp the damage done between 1914 and 1918, but it cannot visualize the range of to-morrow's technic for destruction. Is there anything in the mechanics of air and germ and chemical warfare, as it is now being perfected, that could secure either justice or freedom or protection of the helpless?

No, we can discover not one ray of hope in that method. Its weaknesses will not be lessened in the future. On the contrary, they will be magnified to well-nigh incredible proportions. War as it is going to be organized henceforth can do nothing but defeat the highest purposes of our nation and other nations. It is no use trying to make it humane. The whole business has been accepted as respect-

able, legal, patriotic and even glorious, long enough.

That is why a small but increasing number of our generation, whether in East or West, who would serve our countries' most vital interests as thoroughly as we can, are coming out into the open and declaring: "From now on war can be only a false motion. So we are not going to honor or assist in preparation for it any more. And never will we take part in it."

This does not mean a reluctance to use force. It is rather the determination to employ force intelligently. We do not picture ourselves in an emergency as "standing by passively and allowing a drunken brute to attack a child." On the contrary, we would interfere in the child's interest, and with as much violence as the occasion required.

But the obligation to protect a helpless child, though a stock argument of militarists, is not a valid analogy with respect to war. One might with more logic ask the question, "Is the method of going out with bombs to blow to pieces a hundred or a thousand other children the efficient way to protect the child in

question?" Now that we can see more surely than before what war actually does and what it cannot do, we are recognizing that a nation taking up arms is not at all the same thing as a policeman maintaining security and order. A policeman acts impartially in accordance with law recognized by the public conscience and not merely to satisfy his own peculiar interpretation of what is right. He does not work indiscriminate murder with his club or his revolver, so that his beat becomes cluttered with the dead and dying.

Even now when there is no international reign of law with power adequate to carrying out the judgments of a neutral international tribunal, the method of non-coöperation suggested by Gandhi or the pressure of economic boycotting as employed by the Chinese youth movement is more practicable in settling fundamental differences between large groups than is war. Non-murderous coercion can realize a nation's legitimate aims far more surely than the military way of closing the eyes and pulling the trigger and wiping out whole populations.

The common argument against pacifism is not against pacificism but against the weakness that cannot or will not aggressively use force. Now to the degree that we disbelieve in war, we believe positively in fighting to the finish with the most potent force available to safeguard the highest interests of our country. Only we are determined to fight with the weapons that are really effective—the audacity of good will rather than the recklessness of hate, the almightiness of faith rather than the braggadocio of the bully, the force of honest intercommunication rather than the fury of one-sided propaganda, the orderly process of law rather than the chaos of collective homicide. The most honorable ends of our own and other countries can be realized if only we throw a like amount of energy, thinking and dedication into waging peace as other men have devoted to war and preparation for war. The machinery? There can be set up within a few years a world court with affirmative jurisdiction over all the nations; and to back it a league of the peoples federated on a genuinely democratic basis; each with equality before the law,

internationally codified. To boycott and outlaw war the potential conscience of the world is ready to be stirred. In behalf of universal peace the unharnessed forces of public opinion are waiting to be used, the untold resources of education. That is, if in schools and universities, pulpits and journals, we who want peace stop denouncing each other and splitting up into peace-wishing sects and begin work on a common educational enterprise.

The first objective is to make as public as possible the underlying economic, cultural and instinctive forces that encourage and precipitate war, together with the straightforward facts as to how war operates and what its consequences are.

Let the entire institution be examined by everybody in the open, without cant or squeamishness. This is not easy. Civilians cannot be made to know precisely what it feels like to thrust a bayonet through the living flesh of a human being, or hear the laughter of a man gone suddenly mad on the front line. . . . But at least the men who have had to experience these things should be no longer

reticent. From now on, reticence as to what war really is affords just that much more opportunity for the glorifiers of it to educate people the wrong way. The thing must be exhibited as definitely as possible in its naked objectivity. And also the effects: the destruction of capital that ought to be used for education; the harvest of dead youths who will never make their contribution to the race; the militarization or mechanization of the public mind; the contempt for human life.

Light has to be thrown on the background of the last Great War; on not only what the Kaiser dreamed, but what Izvolski and Poincaré did. It was fear, suspicion, the secret passion for revenge that induced it. But these obsessions were caused by a system involving in various degrees but no less definitely all of the nations under the sway of occidental imperialism which never dreamed of internationalizing the control of raw materials and markets.

What we demand now is candor; a nonpartisan exposure of the war-bringing traditions and attitudes inculcated by false propa-

ganda which makes people an easy prey to militaristic appeals. Long enough has the lavender veil of sentimentality been draped over the blind habits of thought and the uncontrolled impulses that pull men almost automatically into war.

What is it anyway that tricks men into feeling that war is good? It has such a hold on the race that we must look for pretty strong and also unsuspected impulses, working behind the scenes, but pushing all sorts of folk into an irrational and excited attitude.

Consider first of all those men connected with the war machine. They are idealistic. But is it not possible that without knowing what is going on deep in their unconscious minds they allow the rationalizing part of their minds to conceal from them precisely what it is that makes them act as they do? In peace time life is not nearly so interesting or so glamorous with prestige for them as it is in war time. Indeed, the whole set of their mental make-up is toward what Virgil Jordan calls "the Great Release" of valorous service on the field, of concentrated and unanimous effort.

If any of us who are now out for peace were in their position, we would welcome any difference with another country. While the politicians were making the most of that difference we would be reflexly clamoring: "Our national honor has been attacked! We must protect our women and children. Humanity demands it." Nothing would be easier in such a position than to imagine that the security of our country and even the peace of the world depend upon the efficiency of the smooth-running battle machine in our hands. The attitude, unconscious, of course, but none the less dangerous, inevitable to statesmen and rulers, deserves scrutiny. We should not expect them to take a scientific view of war. To them it might be an exceedingly satisfying procedure. Once there would be a danger of attack from outside, they could count on a new lease of power, for the herd craving to be commanded operates among the people of a nation to endow their leaders with extraordinary opportunities to dictate and to enjoy prestige, opportunities never to be attained in peace time. To them their demands and actions will be

absolutely patriotic. To a psychologist who understands hidden motives, what they do may not be so unselfish and other-regarding as they imagine.

Again, can we expect those who are in the game to dominate foreign markets or control the world's raw materials of coal, iron and oil, to be above providing idealistic reasons why men should go out and die for "the cause"? The cause that incidentally would vouchsafe to them their accustomed power? Their own sons they might even give.

There are, too, men who have no chance to get much from life until Mars comes by, with his bugle and drum, to rescue them from their drab desks and everlasting treadmills. War is the only outlet they have been taught to recognize for the creative or adventurous impulses within them. What could be easier under the old régime than to regiment a bored man with blocked impulses into a Jingoistic crusade? He has been brought up on the glories of war. He has not learned to distinguish between the honor of his mother country and her military prowess. The

mystical nationalistic shibboleths employed to arouse him he will respond to with joy. For while it lasts—and we may as well acknowledge the jewel in the head of the toad—war is likely to give some of the things denied him in his daily drudgery. There is the excitement and emotional satisfaction of giving way to strong herd impulses. There is the sense of being caught up in a high and common purpose. There is the delight of comradeship rarely achieved in peace time. Said a Scotch veteran, "It is true: when at peace we are subtly at war with every one. But when we are at war, we are with only our enemies, and with half the world we are friends."

In a play of Æschylus an eagle stricken with a dart said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft, "With our own feathers, not by other's hand, are we now smitten." It will be with our own credulity that we are slain if war comes again. . . . The pressing educational task is to substitute a new critical-mindedness for the prevailing gullibility that swallows wholesale the standards and propaganda of those who naturally will do anything they can

to keep in power or to maintain the status quo they are used to. The doctrines that have an ecclesiastical color we walk around and question, but the dogma "My Country Right or Wrong" some of us allow to pass unchallenged as though it were written on tables of stone on Mount Sinai instead of being merely the motto of a popular newspaper. The State may or may not have metaphysical sanctions; that is a question to explore. But there is no question of the absurdity of letting a few interested individuals wish us into war. If certain bankers are bringing pressure upon the government to send gunboats down into foreign waters to protect their capital, capital that is not always used in philanthropic enterprises, we want to know some of the details.

Another educational objective is to meet with scientific data the fatuous fatalism which assumes in the original nature of man something ineradicable that foreordains war. To be sure, children are born with a tendency toward anger and rivalry. But these driving forces can be redirected and harnessed to realize social ends. Men can learn to express

their impulse to anger in combating cholera, child labor or war itself; their lust for rivalry in sportsmanship, in the friendly contests of creative enterprise such as art and competitive service. No doubt, if there were a warring instinct it too could be sublimated. But it does not exist. Fighting to kill is not inherent in man's psychological make-up. The military mind is also apt to assume that we must be always preparing for war, because of ungovernable sex impulses. They forget that since 1880, when there became available the scientific means of limiting populations, there has been a steady movement toward the control of the sources of life. Man can replenish the earth, but he need not swarm upon it so that one group of people must protect itself by armed force against being eaten up by the sheer numbers of another nation. But more of this later.

The last objective is to make more widespread a knowledge of and confidence in the forces at work to knit people together. About these, cynicism and ignorance have been current long enough. But at last the radio, the

airplane and the developing facilities of international commerce are forcing upon us an inkling of how interdependent we are. "There can be no peace now but a common peace," says H. G. Wells, "no prosperity but a general prosperity." "The Chinese drank tea; the American drank coffee," remarks a young Chinese, "but now the American is drinking tea and coffee; and so is the Chinese. . . . In the same way our ideas will be interchanged." Inescapable is the ever-growing tendency towards mutuality and intercommunication. Although this limit will never be reached, yet we are, as the author of *Dædalus* suggests, "working towards a condition when any two persons on earth will be able to be completely present to one another in not more than one-twenty-fourth of a second." In the past a state department could suppress the facts regarding a neighbor nation's grievance against it. But in the future no state department can easily control air waves. The Mexican people will be able to broadcast their case frankly and directly to the American people. To some interpreters the process of

evolution indicates a trend in the direction of coöperation, at least as far as the human species is concerned. Not the gregariousness of the wolf pack—that patriotism which existed for predatory purposes did not prove to be the fittest to survive in the last war—but the solidarity of the hive where all members make their contribution to the whole, that is the stage of society toward which we appear to be heading. Obviously, we will not drift into world organization, but we are confident that the universe is on the side of our ideal of mutual aid. Our generation can no longer take seriously the dogma that the human race is to advance only through inevitable bloody conflict. The protest against militarism of students in Japan who have within the last year formed societies "for studying social science," and even gone to jail as pacifists, the recent stand of more than one thousand young Americans to resist war uncompromisingly, these are evidences of a developing social consciousness among youth. Deep in the world heart of things we can feel the urgency and see the practicability of great forces of reconciliation which henceforth we

are going to advertise. Our allegiance to the country of which we are citizens, yes; but our ultimate supreme loyalty, does not that belong to humanity rather than to some restricted aggregation of people?

Back of our growing awareness that present-day war is irrational and futile, there is an evaluation of personality from which we cannot get away. Personality is sacred; of such worth that no extension of boundaries, or maintenance of national "honor" can justify crushing it wholesale. Not that the number of years is so important, but the potentialities of human life that war not only ignores but sweeps away, that is the thing to consider. Human beings have within them powers to respond to what is decent and just, if they are given a chance. Though few of the older generation seem able or willing to face the facts about war and to recognize the feasibility of brotherhood, mankind is teachable.

Of course there are risks. "What about the foreign horde that believe not as you do, in love and mutual understanding but in forcing their will with the sword. Isn't there the

chance they may rush in and wipe out our civilization and pull the whole race down to a lower level?" We must not dodge this. We must admit the possibility. But between the risk of continuing to prepare for war and the risk of trusting other peoples and working with them, we choose the latter. That cynical attitude of minds "grown old in power" which dismisses certain races with the dogma, "They're all tricky and impossible, and the only way to deal with them is to keep the whiphand," in other words with arrogance, ignorance, and a dominating spirit—that attitude does not thrill us. Some of us have had intimate contact with youth from those sections of mankind so superstitiously feared by our elders: the Chinese, the Mohammedans, the Mexicans. . . . Acquaintance has surprised us with the sense that they are very much like us. They have prejudices just as we do; and also possibilities. They impress us as being ready and eager to coöperate with us if we meet them with genuine comradeship.

The dice are not loaded in favor of peace and good will. There is no guarantee here

that our venture of trust in men will win, but then there is no guarantee with a gun on each hip. In this risky universe we prefer to take the chance, the gallant chance that Jesus took.

His situation was not so different from ours as we may imagine. The culture of his motherland, as dear to him as to any modern patriot, was in danger of being obliterated by Rome. Orthodox compatriots about him were all for meeting the enemy with murderous violence. At least one of his best friends, so far as we can determine, cherished the dream of beating down the invader. One must remember that Jesus was an intensely positive and patriotic man. Nevertheless he threw the force of his patriotism against the orthodox policy of armed resistance. For this would not only destroy the nation: It would divert Israel from her destiny. Her mission was to be an explorer in the way men ought to live together.

There are critics who tell us that it matters little now what Jesus thought or felt or did. His program, noble as it was, was evolved to meet the problems of a nomadic or pastoral

and agricultural civilization, whereas we are involved in large groups with such complicated relationships that nobody in the past could comprehend them.

But can we so easily deny the solidarity of human experience? Can the insight of Jesus into relationships be so glibly put aside? It is true that the settling of differences between large groups in Jesus' day was a pusillanimous affair compared to what it is to-day. We can get no more data on Jesus' attitude toward modern war, says a critic, than we have on his attitude toward the Darwinian theory of evolution. The scattered texts so often quoted for authorizing militarism on the one side and non-resistance on the other afford no sufficient grounds for inferring precisely what his position in the present-day world would be.

But this is clear: although Jesus laid down no legislation about war, his principles and his attitude are unequivocal. All the vision and valor of his life he flung into the enterprise of trusting men as brothers who had power to become the intimate sons of God, welded together in one family. Not with hatred and murder

would he fight for justice and freedom, that commonwealth which is called the kingdom of heaven, but with tenderness and reverence for everybody, with sympathetic service. Always we get the impression that he puts himself in the place of the other man, seeking incessantly to become one with that man, to understand what it is that makes him do as he does, to act toward him in such a way as to disarm him of hostility. Never does he haul down this flag of unlimited love for all men.

If there is any man in history who stands out fearlessly and unmistakably against the weaknesses and excuses behind modern war, it is Jesus. And as long as courage is valued above cowardice, it will not be easy to evade the issue he raised: the inexorable necessity of conserving and developing the value of personality. The world took him in its teeth the way a terrier takes a rat in its mouth. But it could not shake out of him the invincible faith he had in men.

When we see a man of William Hockett's venturesomeness throwing away his scabbard, we feel that here is a fighting spirit caught

from Jesus that somehow cannot fail. It was during the struggle to free the slaves. Hockett was drafted into a North Carolina regiment, but he did not believe in the military system, and he pitted all his force against it. At last he was ordered to be shot. The company fell back eight paces and the command was heard, "Load. Present arms. Aim." With the rifles pointed at his breast, he raised his arms and said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Not a trigger was pulled; the guns were lowered without orders. Members of the company were heard to say they could not kill such a man.

Youth has been taught that the only way to lay down one's life for one's country is on the battlefield. This tradition no longer satisfies us. It may be that the highest service we can render our nation is, during the years that remain to us, with every resource we have, to stand out unflinchingly for world organization and complete abandonment of war as a method.

Those of us who would throw our hopes into this hazard do not expect to go unscathed. Martyrdom is neither to be sought nor side-

stepped. In some countries there may be imprisonment or death. But our friends who gave their lives that peace might prevail are not to be put by. Their "intrepidity, contempt for comfort, surrender of private interest" challenge us to throw ourselves into this spiritual adventure.

Seeking to abolish treason to the human race we may be labeled traitors. We shall certainly be labeled fools. And rightly so, if we do not go beyond the symptoms of the disease which is war to the underlying causes. Unless we recognize that the issue of war is organically related to the issue of race prejudice, the issue of birth control, the issue of socializing and freeing minds through education, and most of all the issue of competitive industrialism—unless we accept the responsibility of facing these issues, we shall prove ourselves mere daydreamers; sentimentalists who would paint cancer with iodine.

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CHAPTER IV

TOWARD A FUNCTIONAL SOCIETY

THE spread of commercial rivalry; the struggle—one national group against another—for opportunities to extract raw materials from foreign soil or to unload manufactured products there—this means the scattering of dragon's teeth over the world. It is in the economic imperialism, the individualistic capitalism, that is strengthening its grip in Central America, in the Orient and Africa as well as Europe, that we must search for seeds of international conflict. Such is the judgment of competent interpreters of present-day economic tendencies.

But it is not just the trend toward war observable in competitive industrialism that obliges youth to scrutinize our prevailing method of manufacturing and distributing goods. It is the dawning realization that no less mercilessly than war does this system de-

stroy human values. War marshals the forces that crush life dramatically so that all may see; industrialism as it is now organized gnaws life away. One cuts down hosts of men at one sweep; the other eats out their spirit through the years.

The apologists for militarism who reiterate, "There are worse things than war," may speak more truly than they guess. One need only look at some silk mills in Japan. There women's bodies are drugged with fatigue twelve hours a day, seven days a week, till they die of consumption. What happens to their minds has not yet been disclosed. Wherever competitive industrialism has gone in East or West, it has treated human beings with little more or even less regard than its machines.

The amazing thing about our mechanical civilization is not the conveniences it has produced but the blindness to its social implications it has imposed upon us. Along with our facilities of credit and gigantic tools for manufacturing things, which have been evolved in the last century and a half, we have developed an almost perfect technic for closing our eyes

to what the present economic and industrial arrangement is doing to human beings.

For vast masses of men, not to mention children and women: an endless routine of specialized physical motions to be gone through in a factory or a mill; not a spark of the creative in their toil; only the monotonous grinding out of a stint which they did not initiate, which they are prevented by their situation from directing or concluding. The job to be done is so devoid of visible meaning for civilization or for themselves that it is nothing more than a desperate means of making bread. No fair share of the economic surplus they earn, only boredom. Not even a bonus of leisure sufficient to recover the life that is wasted on the treadmill. Extra long hours instead. The deadlier the job, the less time off! And no decent assurance of regular work. Rather, the fear of sudden unemployment hanging always overhead like the sword of Damocles.

Even in a country so prosperous as the United States, as the recent Russell Sage report describes, 12 per cent of the workers are continuously out of work. But this condition

has not yet shaken the organized complacency of the nation. Nor have the findings of such a conservative agency as the American Bureau of Economic Research which show that the rich 2 per cent or a little over 2,000,000 people own more than all the other 110,000,000 and that 65 per cent of the people have but 5 per cent of the wealth. Into the hands of fewer and fewer men, economic power, the power to make human beings subject to their will, is being concentrated.

We have hardly commenced to see through the cant by which the violence of our existing order of industry is camouflaged. But we are learning to. When a heavy owner of capital who manipulates economic conditions for hundreds of wage earners makes this apologia: "We take big risks; it is only right that we should receive big returns on our investments which enable the workers to have employment," we cannot take it seriously. It would be less funny were he to show a little more sportsmanship. Observe him the moment the fortunes of the game turn against him. Does he then stand by and shoulder his share of the loss?

Not at all. He shifts it promptly over to the workers. A slump in the market, and almost instantaneously the toilers who do the productive labor and who receive the smallest returns are "let go" or their wages are cut. They are the ones to pay, the fathers of families that have not enough food.

As for conventional Christianity, its operation forces one to the conclusion, that, faced with the economic situation, it has been ridiculously timorous about calling a spade a spade. No doubt, we are so often told, we are too disposed to call it "a damned old shovel." But to tell us that is not to answer our questions. The Christian churches have as their reason for existence the purpose of fighting for the Kingdom of God. Yet the impression given to many leaders of the Chinese Student Movement is that organized Western Christianity is a subtle means of buttressing up capitalism and exploitation. A church member can, without being made to feel restive about it, be a shareholder in a cotton mill in Shanghai where children slave with no recess for play, from the darkness before dawn till the darkness of

night. A church member living away beyond the luxury line can easily center his devotions on the text: "The powers that be are ordained of God," and so put out of mind that early Christian regimen which was to "have all things in common." Is it that the adoration of the mediæval Christ in the skies is being used in the churches as a substitute, a soothing substitute, for following Jesus' way on earth, and meeting human need? Is there an unconscious tendency—unconscious and therefore more difficult to resist—for those in ecclesiastical institutions to oil the defense mechanisms of the rich so that their feelings will be protected from disturbing facts?

In a monologue describing a railroad trip taken by himself and his brother, the humorist, Charlie Case, says: "In the same car there happened to be forty or fifty sheep. When the brakeman found us he dragged my brother out and began to beat and kick him all around the place. Now Hank was my favorite brother and I couldn't stand there and see him abused, so I crawled under the train over on the other side of the car where I couldn't see

him." We of the West are thus habituated to turning away from the victims of our mechanized civilization, and still considering ourselves righteous.

Youth to-day prides itself on its demand for reality, its eagerness to get behind dogmas, and face actualities. Can we evade the challenge that comes to us from the East, from Gandhi and Tagore and Kawaga and the anti-Christian student movement of China, to play the searchlight of frankness upon the consequences to human life of capitalism?

Right now a number of people suffer from work shock. Just to hear the syllables "capitalism" throws their sympathetic nervous system into gear so that the whole issue is shut into a logic-tight compartment. The emotion may be for or against Karl Marx, Lenine or Judge Elbert Gary of the steel corporation. . . . But no matter upon what final authority or sanctified philosophy it is fixed, it freezes all further thinking in the matter.

And yet we must grasp the facts. That is perhaps our greatest obligation, to be objective and try to get the whole system out

into the open: "The massing of the instruments of production that characterizes modern machine manufacture; concentration of the control of these instruments in the hands of only a fraction of the producers, with the wage system as a consequence; management of each industry in the interest of profits for the few rather than in the interest of all the producers or of the consuming public; hence, social separation betwen employers and workers, clash of interests, class-consciousness and class-struggle; the use of governmental agencies, such as the police power, laws, foreign policies, and the intricacies of administration, to promote 'business' in the sense of profits rather than distributed consumption; finally, on the part of the capitalist or employing class, *a moral code and even a genuine conscience that justifies the motives of their control (for short, the profit-motive), and treats the actual powers of capitalists as ethical rights.*"

These facts which Dr. George A. Coe concisely presents are not likely to come home to us except as we have intimate contact and personal experiences with those directly engaged

in labor. College students in America, probably the most conservative in the world, have been as blind and timid as kittens. But at last they are beginning here and there to come to grips with life situations in industry; in conferences and group discussions with representative workers; in learning by laboring.

Obviously, no architect of the new social order has yet presented to the world a satisfactory blue print and, even if we did have one, that in itself would accomplish little. Those accustomed to domination would as usual see that the plan was suitably deferred beyond all hope of execution. We can by no sudden magic of vision know precisely and entirely what ought to be done. But at least we can withdraw our faith from the hocum that now hallows the system.

One dogma in particular the facts are forcing us to question: that men will not produce or distribute goods on the necessary scale unless either compelled by fear of losing their wages or incited by cupidity for unlimited gain.

Now it must be granted that our acquisitive money-making society has so colored our edu-

cational ideals in home and press and school, that unsocial habits and aims are all too frequently riveted into folk. The pressure of his situation teaches a manual worker that the chief reason for doing his job is to save his family or himself from starving. The rules of the game inculcate in a captain or clerk of industry the fixed idea that what he is after is the acquisition of more and more property. The recognized purpose of the system is to produce not for use but for profit. "To excel every one else in the accumulation of goods" is the virtue our society esteems; and the method is to take as large a slice as possible of the economical surplus without rendering to society service corresponding in value.

Such a non-coöperating attitude is showing itself to be stupid, unscientific, and wasteful. Actually, psychology teaches that man can be either selfish or unselfish, depending usually upon how he is educated. He need not be the puppet of these habits. He has no instinct for stocks and bonds or for property as such. There is a possessive tendency, to be sure, but it need not express itself in the practice of

grabbing and scrambling for what other men want, as it is so often forced to do to-day. More emphasis and more scope can be given to the impulses that are creative; so that these may be satisfied in ways not destructive to the common good. For perhaps as strong as the desire to appropriate things to oneself and to create things, is the eagerness to get along amicably with one's fellows. The present system of traditions is such as to persuade people that the way to get social approval is to amass economic power and then use it to exploit others. We can see through the sham education that bolsters up this system.

The significant discovery, however, is not one which gives us cause for disillusionment. It is the startling demonstration, in different parts of the world, of the power of the impulses that can be expressed in collaboration and mutuality. During the war years millions had the thrill of serving without pay. In peace time there are resources of the country, no less important than those of commerce, efficiently developed: the resources of child-growth by underpaid teachers; the resources of new

knowledge that saves and betters life, by researchers apathetic about dividends. In the British coöperative movement, which supplies more than a third of the people of Britain with about half of the food they buy and a third of their cloth and furniture, are full-time directors who render highly efficient services on salaries of little more than $2,500 a year.

"They are," declares Sherwood Eddy in *The New World of Labor,* "at least as efficient as members of competing systems who claim that men will not do good work except for high profits."

The whole coöperative movement with its 32,000,000 coöperative members in the thirty principal countries of the world has promise and light. Not competition but coöperation, not the private profit of the few but the welfare of all, is its basis. All members have an equal vote; the control is genuinely democratic.

Such experiments as that of William P. Hapgood, of the Columbia Conserve Company at Indianapolis, are suggestive departures from industrial autocracy. Mr. Hapgood's idea is that to get the necessary increase in pro-

duction, there must be a high morale among the workers which will come through the sense of partnership. He has therefore gradually turned over the management of his company into their hands, until it is now in their control, his vote counting only as one.

We are not only recognizing certain possible ways in which to bring industry under the dominance of the spirit of coöperative service instead of the profit motive. We are also realizing that denunciation of individuals is fatuous. During the war, it dawned on a number of us that our enemy was not the individuals on the other side of the lines, but the war system in which we were all involved. In this economic issue it is coming home to us to-day that our quarrel is not with profiteers but with the profit system in which we are all fellow-culprits. Participants and victims tarred with the same brush. Since the spirit of the game is such as to vindicate and cover with success the owner who can make this command effective, "You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it," the rules of the game will have to be changed. It is only wasting our breath

to call names, to shake fists at those who are making the most conspicuous score.

The great point upon which everything depends, so said Anatole France to our generation, is for us "without hope of aid or support, or even of consent, to change primary education from the ground up in order to make workers, members of a functional society; the acquisitive order under which we live must pass away. Make intelligent workers of hand and brain, instructed in the arts they practice, knowing what they owe to the national and human community." In Germany there are one or two youth communities disillusioned with the profit-greed of their elders, who are experimenting with coöperation in shoe-repairing and printing shops. Near Dayton, Ohio, is a coeducational college, Antioch, where the students supplement five weeks of classroom study with five-week shifts of practical work in factories, offices, and schools during the six years of their course. One thinks too of Brookwood Labor College. But the idea of training youth to be members of a functional

society, outside of Russia and Denmark, is still germinating.

The bitterness of those who have far too little, the apathy of those who have far too much, these are features of our industrialized civilization apparent to every one. But back of these maladjustments is this supreme problem: to shift control from the few to the many. To transfer to the propertyless majority "power over the instruments of production on which our lives depend." It is only through a diffusion of power that there can be a brotherly distribution of goods. Stable employment, leisure enough to benefit from what is earned, sufficient income to bring up a family—these rights will not be showered upon the people by the fortunate minority. The old-minded will give their life's blood, if need be, to prevent action to secure these necessities.

Public ownership of basic industries and necessities, the development of intelligent democratic control within industries (and as an immediate step forward the right of labor to bargain collectively), these to some are methods to fight for as men used to fight

for creeds. Whether or not the political programs incorporating these principles seem to be sound in their present form, whether we are in the so-called upper classes or among the dispossessed we can no longer escape the obligation to do our stint in the struggle toward the new coöperative enterprise in which all will render useful and productive service to the community.

Is there, as many assume, no other way to secure these changes, than the conflict that leads to violence and wholesale destruction?

Such conflict may, by a shuffling of the cards, turn over for a fraction of the people some advantages which the present system denies them. But how far will it go toward freeing us from hatred and domination?

Jesus knew nothing of our mechanical civilization. But that insight he had into the forces in the world which can overcome evil is an insight to be reckoned with. He knew that men could accomplish lasting results in proportion as they work together in the spirit of mutual compassion and reverence which gives due con-

sideration to other men's needs. Mahatma Gandhi, however inadequate his industrial program may be, is using this perception to great advantage in India. He is convinced and getting results from his conviction that the most dynamic way to win rights and freedom for those who are oppressed is the compulsion of good will; refusal to perpetuate the tyranny of the system, but also determination not to harm those who are carrying it on; the democratic resistance of non-violence which is "not merely for the Rishies and Saints. It is meant for the common people as well." T. Kagawa, who in 1921 led 35,000 Japanese workmen on a strike in Kobe, is also exhibiting the efficacy of spiritual forces. His strike seemed to fail; he was clapped into prison, with more than a hundred others. But the sympathy of the nation was won, and the labor movement of which he is a part is making itself definitely felt in the Far East.

Jesus maps out no procedure. Yet his life throws light on the approach we must have if our struggle is not to be bitterly narrow, with the likelihood of only substituting one tyranny

for another. His was a career of freedom. Wherever he went he showed men how they could be free of the comfort-loving habits that blind them and make them the playthings of vanity and ostentation. It must have been with pity and humor rather than wrath or contempt that he looked upon those who were possessed by their possessions: the people who had about as much chance of entering life as a camel had of getting through the eye of a needle, the comfortable wealthy folk devoid of feelings for the hungry man, the insensitive rich like Dives who excluded Lazarus from his table, only to shut himself out from the House of Life.

Quite evidently the trend of the world is toward the socialization of property. Jesus himself had not where to lay his head. This is not to say that he held it wickedness to own anything. "The trouble with having a lot of stocks and bonds," might be his suggestion to the heavy proprietors of this period, "is that it makes you so abnormally *cautious*. The money-possessing part of you becomes a sort of sacred ark that you must carry around

with constant worry and trembling lest it get out of your hands."

Apparently the one fear that Jesus had was the fear of getting old-minded. He would not (in the words of Barrie) "toddle to a competence." Life did not consist in the abundance of the things a man had around him. It is a temptation to wonder whether the grave is not claiming out of due time a number of our own generation. For them the existing system is a feathered nest, and they have no intention of stirring from it. The cautiousness of older folk has stiffened their joints. Are they going to hold back to the end of their chapter, and hang on to the inveterate standards of cynical strife and self-interest?

If we are to experiment toward a new order, we must keep our minds free, remembering that a man's dividends often dictate what he shall think and how he shall feel. We shall be mere sentimentalists—who would eat our cake and have it too—if with a gesture of charity we ask for a more just distribution of income among men, and then keep on living sumptuously, with high-powered motors to

shoot us swiftly and unseeing through slums and mill-districts where men are spoiled.

We may not be required to live with the rigor of Gandhi, or the gallantry of Kagawa, who, while he was organizing labor in Kobe, spent on himself only $1.50 a month, dwelling in a little room in the midst of a filthy slum. But we will have to make conspicuous, not extravagant, but simple standards of living in homes where there is no ostentatious display of possessions.

This does not mean that we are to practice the old asceticism that ran away to caves from life, despising its value. It means rather that we are to identify ourselves more consciously with those who are brave in the face of tragic unfairness, controlling and refining in ourselves the lust of power over people always wearing the hair shirt of perplexity.

There is a cynical belief now being popularized by journalists which cuts at the very nerve of progress—the belief that the masses are dumb, fit only to be driven; spawning their kind without any hope, without any value. But in the war, bestial as it was, did not the ordi-

nary man express something that forever makes ridiculous this drab intellectualizing? The ability to hold on, to fling away private interest and to share even to the last drop of water in one's canteen, stood out like a miracle. In Palestine I saw Tommies whose bodies were twisted and dwarfed from years of indenture in mills and mines, going hungry to give their food to the little wraiths of children that thronged the Syrian villages. The fathers of some of those children were still fighting against them.

A man may be valued by the owners of a mine in China at twenty dollars while the mules are worth fifty dollars. It may still be smugly declared by small business in the West, "if a man is out of a job, that's his lookout!" But like radio a new social awareness is spreading. Those who feel the force of Jesus' demands know that the personality of even the least of men must be respected. Those who are trying out his method of dealing with human beings know that to share and coöperate with men means life; to use them to try to beat them down means deadness. His work was

among the disinherited; the Kingdom of God was for the poor. When his spirit of democracy ran athwart the temple authorities who were exploiting the people so that he was condemned to death, it was not the Carpenter of Galilee who was judged, but the profit system, the system which demands unquestioning obedience to its decrees, the system of sanctified habits by which exploitation is justified.

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CHAPTER V

MEN AND WOMEN

BECAUSE it takes life indiscriminately, we hate the institution of war. Because it bestows life recklessly, we are beginning to criticize the present muddle of sex relations. Into hopeless surroundings, it flings new and helpless human beings who cannot have a ghost of a chance to develop themselves. It packs tenements like cattle cars and chokes whole areas with life that cannot but be cheapened.

If man does not cease multiplying himself blindly, fortuitously, he may, as a far-seeing commentator on human affairs suggests, fall a victim to his "fatal power of reproduction." A plethora of people cannot but prove a menace to the peace of the world. The industrial system may be able for a while to absorb the increase, say, in Japan's population. But until that rate of "reproductive exuber-

ance," which now adds from 400,000 to 600,000 a year to the population, is decreased, the militarists in Japan will have an unnecessarily plausible excuse for urging the people to take foreign soil by force of arms. On the other hand, alarmists will have statistics with which to stir up in supposedly Christian countries the fear of the foreign horde: "Just think how *they* would swamp us out and destroy the flower of our civilization!" The "they" is vague: Mongolians, Mexicans, possibly Mohammedans or Russians. . . . But it is no less potent. One of the lurking subtle fears back of the war system is this fear of numbers, numbers that will wipe the white man out.

But our country in the eyes of intelligent Latin Americans may also appear as a menace to the peace of the world. In the present drift of indifferentism even we are likely to produce a surplus population. This will tempt the United States to push over present frontiers and "acquire" room in which to expand, by military pressure.

If people are dumped upon the world in

quantities too large to be dealt with intelligently by society, they may conceivably be consumed as cannon fodder. Certainly they will be used as factory fodder; just so much raw material out of which a wealthy few can make more profits. In the mills of the congested districts of India are women working ten or more hours a day, despite the new labor laws, with babies strapped to their backs. The more babies they have now, the more operatives the mill owners will have later. Furthermore, when labor is so cheap a commodity that men and women (and children) can be hired to work twelve hours a day, seven days a week for ten to eighteen cents a day—as I saw them doing in China—the investment possibilities of that situation are apt to become a golden apple for rival financial groups to grab and wrangle over. We know now that the connection is no tenuous one between modern war and the struggle of competing economic imperialisms. We are not very far-sighted if we do not recognize this also; the more recklessly it is produced, the more ruthlessly will life be manipulated in the interests of power-seeking

minorities; power-seeking minorities accustomed to value profits and prestige above personality.

We who demand that the human race "become the artist of its own size and shape" are soft-headed if we expect no angry, bigoted opposition. Those who exploit are naturally going to fight reforms aiming to make life rarer and personality more respected. They do not want to have their fair supply of game cut off. Consider the Japanese general who not long ago dismissed the arguments by crusaders for birth control in his land, by asking: "But how could we get recruits for the Imperial Army?" Consider the employer of labor in England who complained to a friend, "If the working people aren't going to have a lot of children to take their places when they die, how am I to run my factory?" Large families among rabbits, so a naturalist comments, are no doubt quite approved by foxes. The fiercest resistance, however, will come from those whose theology forces them to construe God's will as meaning lack of control or lawlessness in the creation of life. With one

part of their minds they believe that children are conceived in sin and must be accepted as a nemesis. With another part of their minds they hold that children are a blessing and that the earth must be replenished. They fear that knowledge will be used only as a device for escaping the "trouble" of having many children. Their fanatical interference with reform will be reinforced by the kind of conscience that is a refusal to think through social implications.

Some of these social implications I have tried to indicate; the potentiality of war in high birth-rate nations; the opportunity in industry for the exploitation of life in overcrowded districts where life is cheap. Ironically enough, these obstructionists seem to be defeating their own ends. For it is becoming more and more evident that the fortunate and highly educated of the world are already by scientific means limiting the number of their offspring. Those less fit to perpetuate the race, being shut out from this knowledge, continue to breed at the old unregulated rate. As an inevitable consequence, the presumably bet-

ter stocks are not keeping pace with the inferior.

It is not my intention here to hold a brief for any specific program by which this reform may be effected. There are different groups working toward this end. But surely it is time now for those who are socially-minded to stir themselves from their aloof apathy and begin to coöperate. Have we not a religious obligation to use the scientific method so that the quality as well as the volume of the race can be controlled?

But the problem is not one only of avoiding future war or economic exploitation or the deterioration of the inborn qualities of the human breed; evils of the future which loom menacingly. It is also personal and immediate. How can a mother in a three-room flat give her best to eight or ten children? Can she or the children have a fair opportunity to experience the kinship and growth of a home? Will there not be distraction and ill-temper and family anarchy under such conditions of overcrowding where somebody is bound to be neglected? To-day the old tradition, "Bet-

ter to be a bad mother than no mother at all," is being sharply challenged. We are recognizing that motherhood can be a crime, in the case of imbecile or diseased women; and that with women whose spirits are drained away under the destruction of bringing up a family too big for them, it can become cruelty both to themselves and to their children; maladjustment that disorganizes personality.

About this issue we cannot be glib, saying "There is nothing to discuss." Conventional squeamishness and underground hypocrisy have prevailed long enough. And now we are putting this question: what honest reason is there for not fully sharing the light of science with all people? Excluding neither the poor nor those of other races than our own?

"But think of the consequences! The immorality that would result!" Even so; would not this be a lesser evil than bringing into the world unwanted children who will neither be appreciated nor afforded a fair chance to develop?

Granting there is this risk, we are not pessimistic about human nature and our

generation. Already in Holland there has been enough experimentation in disseminating freely and democratically knowledge making for voluntary parenthood to indicate that young people are not necessarily going to be lax simply because the fear of getting into trouble is removed. One thing the old-minded or congenitally cautious are inclined to overlook, and that is the varied wholesome activities opening up to us in this new world, activities that will redeem us from being preoccupied with the narrower interests of sex. And, moreover, is a morality inspired by fear the kind of morality we want?

After all, we appreciate the fact that we are but temporary containers of the Stream of Life, and that ours is the responsibility not only for birth control but for birth release. There is growing a eugenics conscience. Already young married people, having scientific knowledge, are here and there developing a heightened pride in meeting this responsibility, in having children mutually wanted and planned for. Their ability to choose the time and the place does not subtract

from what to them is the high privilege of parenthood.

In many centuries there have been those who would abandon the permanent marriage relationship. But, asks a Cambridge student, does not this protest come from a failure to recognize that being married is an art? A scientist has to concentrate in his particular field, and a sculptor before his chosen technic. Must not men and women specialize in the same way, if they are to express the depths and explore the nuances of personality? The philanderer who never dares stake his affection on another for any great length of time quite probably, as Burns testifies, hardens all within and petrifies the feelings. This contention of G. K. Chesterton, for all his conservatism, is worth considering: even if it were not a social requirement, constancy would still be a poetical requirement. "When society is haunted by the butterfly flitting from flower to flower, poetry will still be describing the desire of the moth for the star, and it will be a fixed star."

A few of our generation are for monogamy not alone because of the arguments advanced by anthropologists and biologists. We believe in monogamy because we disbelieve in broken comradeships. We see marriage as a door opening into an adventure of partnership that can enrich life immeasurably.

There are many restraints to be removed and conditions fulfilled, before the ideal marriage relationship can be realized, but they are becoming less and less obscure. If women are to be genuine partners in this new marriage relationship with men they must enjoy as wide a range of interests as their husbands have. They must have the privilege of being *throughout their lifetime functional members of society.* Too frequently it is assumed that woman's career revolves around the sex and parental instincts, that her contribution to the race cannot go beyond these limits.

In the more simple homes of yesterday the activities to stimulate her powers of self-determination were comparatively varied and numerous. In this specialized civilization, the tendency is to shift the activities from inside

the home to outside. The playground, the school, factory production of goods, are absorbing many of the tasks of the home that used to challenge her. And now, whereas the home has shrunk in its relationship to the community, convention keeps woman in the confines of this narrowed sphere. The growing restlessness of the feminist group is a natural reaction; a normal searching for new ways to express personality.

Masculine vanity does not, of course, want its andro-centric world disturbed. Under the guise of chivalry it would "protect" woman from moving out into the currents of the world. It would bolster up the force of custom that commands: "So far and no farther!" The result is that while the husband is reaching out and enjoying interesting contacts and responsibilities, his wife during much of the day is forced to mark time. She is compelled to feel, by virtue of her sex, that she is economically dependent. Quite possibly the ideal relationship will involve something like economic equality between them.

It would be unjust to belittle the work of

women's organizations which give them considerable outlet; it would be foolish to suggest that every woman must run out of her home and take a job. But it would be equally foolish and unjust to deny them the privilege of doing creative and continuing work that has recognized value to society—and then expect them to parallel their husbands in development. Personality comes from solving difficult problems, making decisions, and determining the trend of one's life with reference to a purpose. This means that women—if they are to be complete partners in marriage—must be not only functional members of society. They must have more freedom in choosing when and whether they are to bear children. They cannot enjoy the former privilege without exercising the latter right.

There are other conditions for realizing that kinship which will make of marriage a lasting spiritual adventure. These conditions are severe, but they are a challenge to youth. The first absolutely necessary thing is for those who are going to marry to be certain they are mutually magnetic. It has taken the race

a long time to find this out, but at last we know that no amount of common sentiment will quite atone for physical antagonism, temperamental repugnance between husband and wife. Instead of ignoring the instinctive basis of marriage, we are under the obligation to understand it as precisely as we possibly can, and adjust ourselves to it. This requires that we get rid of the old emotional tenseness toward sex—the traditions of coquetry, suspicion and furtiveness—and approach this entire function of life fearlessly, unpedantically, objectively, without fussiness. Not an easy task. Preceding generations have left a deep impress of morbidness even on this emancipated generation. Seeking to know the relevant facts we are still a little self-conscious. Nevertheless we are through with despising the flesh, and through with hypocrisy about the æsthetics of marital union. We feel that it offers possibilities, far too little understood, of inner quickening, and those values we would gladly accept.

In addition to natural mutual magnetism there must be an ever-increasing and delicate

adaptation of life to life. This has been rarely attained largely because men and women do not seek constantly to be frank with each other, and so they neither know enough about each other nor have a social imagination sufficiently developed, to appreciate each other's problems and desires. Into the marriage relationship a defensive or aggressive attitude is brought; the determination to have undisputed possession; and only a few are able under these handicaps to break through to openness and mutual reverence. But suppose there is cultivated a sensitiveness to the other's needs. Will not self-indulgence be done away? Significant of this saner relationship there are young married people who have such candor and sensitiveness between them that it is as if their two personalities were judged by a third.

An even more indispensable condition is unity of purpose. It is not till a man and woman throw themselves into a fighting partnership to realize some social end, that they will be supremely at one with each other and the spiritual forces of the world. Evidently, Ramsay and Margaret MacDonald, coequals,

in the struggle for industrial democracy, were able to feel an immediate sense of the expansion of life. Perhaps, too, Marie and Pierre Curie, persevering through hardship in their research for radium, discovered this luminous enrichment in marriage. But cannot ordinary folk have it too?

There are great causes into which men and women together may lose their life to find it. The greatest perhaps is bringing up children to be socially-minded. Here for many can be direct access to a recreating power. Those well-meaning platitudes about the glory of having a family for quantity's sake need not blind us. It must be admitted that sentimentally to foist upon the world mere replicas of ourselves is not a very promising prospect. But to educate beings, new from our bodies, to take their part in creating a humane social order, has possibilities that are just beginning to shine. The technic for moving toward that goal has not yet been worked out. But this at least seems sure; parents whose scales of value are discordant, whose philosophies of life are mismated, may not make such a contribution

to the race, no matter how royal their germplasm may be. Their jostling views will be echoed and reëmbodied in their children. According to a doctor of mental hygiene at Johns Hopkins University many mental disturbances originate from the friction and incompatibility between parents that affect the child and perpetuate confusion. Before having children it might be well if we catechized ourselves: are we really morally fit? Are we willing so to socialize our standards as to justify our making them flesh in the next generation? A terrifying question. And yet here, in the endeavor of man and wife to answer it, is our chance to feel the thrill of communion, to test the depths of sympathy.

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CHAPTER VI

RACE RECONCILIATION

RACE prejudice may not be, as some imaginative journalists would have us believe it, the powder mine that threatens the peace of the world. Nevertheless, because of its war-provoking tendencies and because in some eyes it "justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world," youth can no longer accept race prejudice as a matter of course.

A young Hindu, freshly graduated from a Christian university in India, sat down at a restaurant in Baltimore. After being ignored for several minutes he called the waiter, requesting food. "We can't serve you," replied the latter pompously, "you're colored." In the two other restaurants which he entered my friend met with the same kind of hospitality. After many experiences he reflected,

"Your color system in America is worse than our caste system in India."

Whether it is worse or not, our modern preoccupation with race differences has things in common with India's ancient hard and fast divisions of caste. If you happen to be born in a certain caste, social pressure insistently urges you not to eat or marry outside the hereditary walls thus ordained. Now those aggregations of folk known as races may not be cut off from each other by thousands of subdivisions and thousands of meticulous priestly regulations. They are, however, becoming fanatically separated by what the psychologists would call emotional fixations. The "burden" of supremacy has been taken so solemnly, so nervously, by the white man that he has developed a painful superiority complex. The Mongolian, in return, is beginning to have definite feelings on the subject. Said a Confucianist resident of Shanghai, "We of the East watched you Occidentals during the war and it was rather amusing to see you cutting each other's throats." A military alliance of Russia and Japan and China might be fanned

into fury by the reaction against the Westerner's habit of slapping the Oriental in the face. As for the black man, a spokesman and leader frankly asserted before an American convention of students, "The Negro is learning to hate."

At present so much cant and propaganda are current, and so much excited dogmatizing, that it is almost impossible to get the race question into the laboratory where the irrelevant is cleared away and we can see what is really significant. Start a biologist on the complicated task of isolating chromosomes or Mendelian unit characters, and tracing the inherited traits found in successive generations of mulattoes, and like as not some blue-eyed, fair-haired individual will interrupt the scientific procedure with, "But would you want your daughter to marry a negro?" Let a psychologist give intelligence tests and the probability is that he will measure Mongolians, Negroes, and red men on the basis of standards fixed in his mind by his own Caucasian race. The anise, mint, and cummin of certain western aptitudes he will perhaps accurately

measure; the weightier matters of good humor, capacity to enjoy life and to endure it with patience, he may omit. Nor will the pertinent be sifted with ease from the centuries, by the investigators of history. We are not yet racially nonpartisan enough to study the question dispassionately.

There are, however, preconceptions about which we can no longer be cocksure. Early in the last century a most learned Shinto scholar expounded what he called the fundamental doctrines of his faith: "from the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence." Between the Japanese people and the Chinese, Hindus, Russians, Dutch, Siamese, Cambodians and other nations of the world, "there is a difference of kind rather than of degree." To-day there are propagandists other than Japanese who affirm the supremacy of their own race, a sort of divinely ordained superiority and difference. But no complete data is yet available to establish their claims. It may even be, as Franz Boaz sug-

gests, that theirs is the "common logical error of assuming that if individuals are different, the racial group to which they belong must also be different." As there are theological fundamentalists who damn with everlasting disdain all those who do not happen to fit their peculiar doctrines, so there are racial fundamentalists. At present the most vociferous of these are the Nordic sect. In their eyes, the fair, tall, and narrow-headed specimens of the human race are the most highly gifted: they are the independent souls, the vital, the intellectually curious, the men best fitted to rule. If this be so, one wonders with G. C. Field why "the purely Nordic population of North Germany shows just the opposite qualities to those . . . ascribed to the Nordic race." During the last three hundred years the people of Northern Europe have attained conspicious skill in harnessing chemical and physical forces, but can one say that the source of modern science is Nordic brains? The Vikings were worthy explorers, but were they more adventurous than the Phœnicans and Carthaginians of Mediterranean stock?

A sect can no longer glibly claim a direct monopoly on God, and neither can a grouping of folk having a few supposedly distinctive features easily set itself up as a race uniquely pure. Human races appear to "separate, mingle and reunite as clouds do." The Jews themselves are not entirely unalloyed. The racial group who stand out as stiffly as any in their refusal to intermingle with other groups are perhaps the Samaritans of Palestine. For twenty-six centuries they have religiously held aloof from intermarriage. When I visited them at Nablus in 1919 I found less than 150 members left; and none of these impressed me as being a particularly good argument against race admixture.

In the days of Queen Victoria a prime minister affirmed "race is everything." But the simplicity of this much-cherished dogma is specious. It underestimates the effect of environment in determining the personalities of men. The stimulus of climatic changes and commercial intercourse and cultural movements, the pressure of precedents and customs and ideals—these are agencies the power of

which we are just beginning to recognize. No doubt one's inherent intelligence which is conditioned by his germ plasm fixes certain limitations beyond which he may not expand. But this fact gives no grounds for believing that a man just because he is black or yellow or brown is prevented by his original nature from reaching as approximately high levels of culture as the man with paler skin and finer hair. Most of us develop the capacities within us to only a fraction of what is possible—perhaps one-tenth. Seemingly, human nature is so changeable, so amenable to delicate adjustment within the bounds fixed by heredity, that no limit of growth has yet been authoritatively measured by the scientific psychologist.

It is conceivable that a small percentage of blacks have a slightly lower native mental capacity than whites; and a small percentage of whites have a higher native mental capacity than any blacks. This is the inference from certain statistical charts that have recently been worked out by American researchers. But these same charts give evidence that in spite of this presumable fringe of superiority

and inferiority in favor of whites, the great mass of persons of both races are not so widely separated from each other as the more obvious physical differences have led people to assume. For the majority the innate intelligence appears to be about the same. Since it is questionable if the measurements allow sufficiently for the difference of social, not physical, inheritance between the races examined, we who are Nordic have no scientific sanction for arrogance. Indeed it may some time be proved that there are more Chinese with the stuff of leadership in them than can be discovered in ourselves. Of course the charts attesting this will not be made by us Nordics.

A one-hundred-per-cent member of the Ethiopian dominant class in Egypt during the golden days before Moses might have dogmatized thus: "We Ethiopians are where we are because it's in our race to rule." And to-day those of us who are proud of the hair on our chests fondly hold that we manage nine-tenths of the world though having only one-third of the population, by virtue of our peculiar white descent. We overlook the basic hypothesis of

some anthropologists that the races, though not equal in development, are equal in potentiality.

The question confronting us at this time is not the academic one, "Are we all of one blood?" but the practical one, "How can we clear away the bad blood that is between us now?" Our first necessity is to bring race prejudice into the open so that we can see more plainly what started this evil, and what continues to aggravate it.

A young African with a chieftain's blood in his veins and the brand of his tribe on his cheeks asserts that many white Christians justify and hallow their assumed superiority over "the descendants of Ham" on the authority of the Bible. Unquestionably sacred writings, including the Hebrew, have been garbled to disparage other peoples.

But is it not economic status as much as anything that originally fixes the attitude of disdain? Consider the Negro in the United States. He was dragged here in chains, encouraged to multiply, and "kept in his place," by a masterful white majority. Through enforced toil that produced cotton, sugar, rice

and tobacco on a scale generously contributing to America's prosperity, his owners were enabled to live in comparative ease. Self-interest did not stimulate them to change that relationship. The Civil War technically dissolved the political bondage, but the economic chains have not yet been broken. Indeed, few white people are even aware of the position of peonage into which our labor discrimination pushes great numbers of our black countrymen. Theoretically, financial emancipation is open; actually, the dice are all too often loaded against them. Social boycotting operates with subtle but inescapable power to handicap one ambitious to rise from the ranks of raw labor to skilled or professional service. Having once got the economic whip hand we are so accustomed to seeing the blacks as hewers of wood and drawers of water, that we unconsciously throw our weight into the custom of holding them down. "The thing that came nearest to breaking my heart," said a Negro student, "was the chant of three workingmen of my race:

> "Been down so long,
> Down don't worry me."

The top-dog in government is also inclined to look down on the race under him politically. Turks of the old régime treated the Syrians, Armenians, and Jews whom they excluded from the vote as subordinates of a lesser breed. These latter were inferior clay for their abler hands to hold and to mold. In India I talked with a British infantry lieutenant who was the victim of a like pathological pride of race. "We Britons," he declared, "took India with the sword and by God we'll keep it with the sword." A scepter-bearer of the faith that the Anglo-Saxons are by birth supreme! One infallibly entitled to declare, "If a native tries to occupy a seat in your first-class compartment on the train, kick him so he'll learn better." A good deal of the culture of Japan was received through Korea, and yet because the Land of Morning Calm has been annexed by the Island Empire, her eighteen million residents are by some Japanese looked upon as literally of a lower order. Again, the Filipinos are morons—is this not proved by the fact that we Americans must govern them?

Race prejudice means judging any variety

of the one human species on the basis not of facts, but of feelings. Religious, economic and political factors combine to produce it; sentimentality helps to maintain it. Here is a Southern gentleman dining peacefully in a New York restaurant. His eye happens on a Negro seated at an adjoining table. Up jumps the white man, shaking with rage: his honor has been contaminated. He is almost hysterical. The black man is a lighted match that has touched off in him a powder magazine of emotion. He is so excited he cannot see the human being behind that skin. What has built up this mind set? A psychoanalyst drawing out old forgotten experiences might reveal that in the six-year-old boy's English primer was a sentence and beside it a picture that had been indelibly imprinted in his nervous system and unconsciously conditioning, ever since, his reaction to Negroes. It was, "I do not like this cat because it is black." Another thing might be disclosed. Perhaps generations before in his community, a Negro was reported to have assaulted a white woman, and the alleged incident becoming a horrid bit of folk lore had

been repeated to him and thus fixed in the child's mind with shocking vividness. He was taught to think of this brutality not as an individual exceptional case, but as a typical tendency of Negroes in general. In other words, a single violent sex-experience (or imagined experience) together with a constant atmosphere of suspicion and contempt may go far to produce this irrational attitude toward another race, of blind hatred which is accepted with a curious kind of pride.

The vague but haunting fear of future race fusion that "will lower our standards of civilization" makes it difficult for many to look at the situation intelligently. There are residents of California who seem honestly to believe that the Japanese are going to breed in their midst three times as fast as the whites; and eventually —unless drastic measures of boycotting and exclusion are now taken—this alien blood will swamp out our best stock and culture. Now I am a Californian, and a "Nordic." But I cannot get frantic over these phantom oncoming progeny of brown men multiplying in my home state and overrunning it, as the rabbits

recently introduced into Australia are supposed to be overwhelming that land. After all, the laborers in Japan are getting interested in having fewer children, and we do not have to assume that as the Japanese immigrants among us become better educated, they will refuse to limit their families.

It may be that in a thousand years there will be a unicolored race, the peoples of this planet having decided that admixture of blood is enriching. Meanwhile we simply do not know whether intermarriage is good for the human species or bad. Scientifically attested data on the issue is not yet available. Some think that till we have more light, segregation or parallel development of colored and non-colored communities is the sanest policy; others think that multiplication of contacts is the most practicable policy. However that may be, the present cruelty of systematically abasing Eurasians and mulattoes must be recognized for the ugly evil it is. The habit of respectable whites has been to treat these folk (many of whom have been begotten by irresponsible individuals of their own race) like pariahs and then turn

around solemnly to declare, "The trouble is they've got mixed blood."

Against this blind "discrimination" youth is beginning to revolt. We are not asking for race amalgamation. We are only demanding fair play. And our first step toward justice is to reach the facts through friendly contacts: young Nordics in intimate conference with Negroes, facing each other's difficulties openly. Jews meeting Gentiles, unafraid of discovering more similarities of belief than differences, unembarrassed in stating exactly what it is that separates them; Californians inviting Japanese acquaintances of the campus to confront them with unbiased facts. During the last two or three years this conference and group discussion method has been spreading in America; and it is being experimented with in Asia as well as in Europe.

In these groups where we compare notes at first hand without hysteria, we make some illuminating discoveries. For one thing, our dissimilar social habits, such as the use of chopsticks instead of forks, have more to do with our mutual prejudices than has been imagined

possible. We find, too, that in a sense we can psychoanalyze each other's "race complexes" and "subconscious memories," so that there can be intelligent adjustment. When a negro friend locates for us the experiences which have fixed our feeling of arrogance toward his people, we who happen to be white are the better able to laugh off those prejudices. A book can give us second-hand knowledge, but he opens our eyes to see unmistakably the system of tyranny and brutality and thoughtlessness in which we are involved. He points out to us how, as children, we have been taught in a hundred ways to ostracize the negroes of the neighborhood. Reciprocally, it is brought home to him how the hands of his white friends are tied. Through the honest give-and-take of experiences and backgrounds, we learn that if white people of cultivation constantly look for shiftlessness in another race their very expectation goes far to impose that weakness upon them.

The method Jesus used in dealing with people is a suggestive one. He let no preconception stand between him and anybody, and he

went directly to the folk from whom he could get the relevant facts. The Samaritans who lived in the territory between his home town and Jerusalem had some eccentric habits that did not ingratiate them with Jews. They interfered with the hill-top lights that announced religious festivals; they had an irritating way of throwing dead men's bones into the holy courts of the Temple. They would not worship where Hebrews did. The latter on pilgrimage made a pious point of avoiding Samaria and walking to their city of Zion by a circuitous route. But the young man of Nazareth walked straight into the heart of this estranged group. He sat by a well and out in the sunlight intimately shared what truth he had with them. The most attractive figure in his parables is a member of this despised people; the Good Samaritan does not pass by the victim of robbers at the side of the road, as did the two orthodox and reputable Israelites.

On one occasion Jesus seems to have had a temporary emotional stir-up against a Greek of Syrophœnician birth. Tired out, he was

intruded upon by a mother who wanted to have him cast a demon out of her daughter. He had been brought up carefully as a Jew, and it would be natural for him to find it difficult to get rid of every vestige of his early training that was concerned chiefly, almost exclusively, with the children of Israel. So on quick impulse, it may be of race prejudice, he said, "It is not fair to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs."

"No, sir," said the woman laughingly catching up his phrase, "but under the table the little dogs do pick up the children's crumbs."

From the old tenacious feelings, the partisan-mindedness of his nation, Jesus like a flash turned to welcome the charming wit of this foreigner and to meet her with ungrudging humor and appreciation, "The demon has left your daughter, since you have said that."

Can our generation look thus squarely and sensitively into the needs and capacities and contributions of members of other races than our own? In India are prophets who articulate and embody the power of the spirit; what with us is only a vague and casual aspiration is with

thousands of living Hindus a constant assurance. Anatole France speaks of the sanctity of "mutual compassion," but in parts of the East this is a living tradition, before which we must bow. As Hinduism stresses the immanence of the divine in the world, so Confucianism teaches the essential trustworthiness of human nature, and Buddhism the need of self-discipline and the value of serenity. The prophet of Taoism was loyal to the quest which we, too, are on, "To those who are sincere with me, I am sincere; and to those who are not sincere with me, I am also sincere." In contemporary China there is a marvelous power of persevering through hardship and the knack of enjoying a joke. Rickshaw coolies after a collision sometimes settle what in the West would become a fight by exchanging jests over teacups. In Japan is a loyalty, an ingrained courtesy, a reverence for beauty; their artists can transfer the salience of their sacred mountain to canvas with rare simplicity. Among the negroes are those who mightily out of pain have won imaginative sympathy and the gift of song, a sifted fineness of spirit.

Perhaps we of the races are not yet alert enough to appropriate each other's contributions. But at least we can acknowledge certain facts and so act less pompously toward each other. The consequences of the old insolent imperialistic approach are forcing us in the West to recognize that the only way we can live together is to break free of the attitude of conquest and to share our values and experiences of value as neighbors. In 1922 some Chinese students in Peking were moved to declare, "Christianity is the public enemy of mankind, just as imperialism and capitalism are, since they have one thing in common, to exploit weak countries." Mohammedans insist and with justice that Christians are far less democratic than adherents of Islam. Japanese who have been enriched by the currents of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Shintoism bring home to us that our Occidental Christianity appears too frequently as an agent of imperialism and as an obstacle to that "wisdom which is the comprehension of beauty." We of the West must now smile at the haughtiness and self-righteousness with which we have been

prone to attack the world ever since Constantine had the "nails of the cross" beaten into his imperious helmet.

To atone for our solemn self-glorification we can at least admit frankly that race prejudice is not a feeling with which we are born, but a fatuity into which we are trained by our elders, a habit that inhibits life for everybody concerned. And we can turn upon our weakness with humor.

"Y'see, Barney," says Uncle Henry in *Collier's* magazine, "the Nordic stock is distinctly a police stock. Every Anglo-Saxon came into the world with a helmet on his head and a club in his hands, an' his idea of complete happiness is to don square-toed shoes and walk a beat some distance away. The further the better, for authority is somethin' that's got to be exercised a long way off to get any real good out of it. . . . No matter what we're doin', how pressin' our own affairs, we're never too busy to drop everything when the glad news comes that another backward people has been discovered. Tests of backwardness are explicit. Do they speak another language when they

might speak English? Do they know the meaning of chattel mortgages, mechanics' liens an' unemployment crises? Are their habits different from ours? What is nervous prostration an' when? Do they wear derby hats? Above all, are they happy? That's the thing of prime importance. For the Anglo-Saxon knows that happiness is a state of sin or so close to it as to indicate a primitive mind."

Humor like this will be a solvent for prejudice. But a greater releasing force is available in that method of education which begets critical- and social-mindedness. The next chapter is an attempt to suggest some of the values of this new type of education.

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CHAPTER VII

GROWTH VERSUS SENESCENCE

THE ideal of education has more or less been to lead the young along the path made smooth by former generations. No boy or girl was supposed to seek a trail of his own; the child was expected, and compelled if necessary, to follow the old road obediently, unquestioningly. So a Turkish student analyzes the principles of education in his own country. But has this not been the case everywhere? The Germans who were in the saddle in prewar days carried this philosophy of education to its logical conclusion; the docile minds of children were so much putty to be manipulated and fashioned after their heart's desire. Love to the Fatherland, so a citizen wrote at the time, was "drilled into the pupils like a dead disbelieved religion." The myth about Laotze, the phenomenal scholar of the Far East, strikingly represents this tradition at its most

classic: he did not have to pass from youth to age; he was born gray haired. That process of becoming more and more rigidly set in adult molds which we may call senescence is an ideal that has long held sway.

Against it, inquiring minds the world over are revolting. This generation of Turks is not unanimously eager to submit to the teaching that the earth is flat, delivered once and for all to Mohammed. Young Germans now prefer to be different from the tulips of their land described by Rupert Brooke, which "grow as they are told." Youth of the Chinese Renaissance refuse to bind the feet of their little sisters and the minds of their own generation with traditions, however hallowed by age. It is not only the foreign journalist who sees that the Great Wall, venerable though it be, is a bad arrangement, shutting new ideas out and worst of all keeping old ideas in. In America there are students who are content to be indoctrinated young ostriches, their heads buried in conventionality. But there are others who had rather not be "parrots parroting" the propaganda of their elders for the status quo. To

hand back to a professor his lecture notes, cold as a corpse, is the expected thing. It is also, some are recognizing, a deadening procedure.

H. G. Wells tells us that the supreme race now on is between education and catastrophe. But is the issue not at bottom one of growth versus senescence? Between the strait-jacket method of instruction which prevents the development of life by forcing it into predetermined patterns, and the new type of education which would give such guidance to plastic minds that they may expand freely, uniquely, joyously. As the industrial system is under fire because it takes men and uses them not as human beings with lives of their own to live, but as tools to create profits for others, so the old educational method is being questioned as a system of exploitation. It makes of many contented slaves to tradition. Its mechanizing routine tends to evoke echoes rather than to draw out original minds; as if its aim were not that plastic minds might become more flexible and competent to cope with changing conditions but that the habits and

institutions of the older generation might be fastened inescapably upon them.

The purpose of the new education is to save people from stuffiness, to safeguard them from perpetuating prejudices. By making them, whether old or young, desire continuously to change; by training them to form the habit of making intelligent choices for themselves, and thus to adapt themselves increasingly to the demands of a dynamic world. Recently there has been an immense amount of research into the mechanics by which this aim, the remaking of human nature, can be realized. The conclusions are revolutionary. One American investigator, E. I. Thorndyke, tells us that the more he studies, the thing that impresses him deeply is this: human nature is changeable beyond our present powers of calculation and measurement; no limit has yet been seen.

This faith that human nature can be redeemed is inspiring our generation because at our disposal educators are placing the tools or skills that will give control of man's inheritance of raw impulses. A hundred thousand years ago it may have been necessary on occasion to

bully one's neighbors or to seize what one could, regardless of the deprivation to the other tree-dwellers, or to flare up in a fit of jealousy when the possession of a mate was threatened. But our world is different now; pressing upon us with a thousand uncorrelated problems where in primitive times were only ten. The only way we can fit in with our present environment is for us to slough off some of our innate tendencies, encourage others, and entirely redirect still others. Ethics may indicate which ones ought to be wiped out or fostered or modified. Scientific psychology is giving light on how we can do this.

It shows us what levers in the nervous system can be manipulated to transform ideas and attitudes and dispositions which, left to run wild, would leave life to degenerate like a spring lost among desert sands. With the new knowledge, enriching life can be released. A little girl starting out with a natural fear of loud noises may be so trained by her mother that the moment she hears a clap of thunder, instead of being terrified, she runs out to the front porch to "see the circus." The

stimulus is harnessed to express itself in an attitude of interest rather than of crude terror. In the same way, a boy may be guided to turn the reinforcing energy of indignation into the war on the so-called Japanese beetle rather than allowing it to be touched off into jingoistic fits against the Japanese people. I know a youngster who has been taught by his father not to speak disparagingly of other races. One evening he was at a strange house for dinner. His hostess, referring to a recent book, said "nigger." The five-year-old guest caught her up with this firm criticism, "You shouldn't use such a word." With the right method of educating himself, no adult need make a raw response to a human situation. St. Francis, coming close to a leper, may substitute parental tenderness for primitive horror and kiss the victim's sores. A modern brother to the sick may react with less obvious compassion but with more effectiveness; the sight can move him to throw all the force of his pity into a campaign against leprosy. If he is Irish, that struggle against disease may even absorb what he used to expend in defend-

ing the tail of his coat; here his fighting impulses will get a more steady and satisfying release. Lives can be made over and constantly renewed—and senescence defeated—if we only utilize the laws disclosed by the scientific psychologists.

One of these, the law of transfer, we need no longer blindly violate. It has been assumed by the old school of formal discipline that if one were instructed to handle major and minor premises cleverly on the blackboard, one would be logical in other matters. If a boy followed the rules of the cricket and baseball field, he would somehow as a grown man play fair in business. But tests have demonstrated that desirable traits in one connection are not easily carried over into another. No matter how conspicuously good one may become in a certain relationship in the schoolroom or athletic field, that quality will not automatically spread into all other relationships. It will carry over only if there is an element in those other situations to which it is definitely connected. This common element will not be hit upon often by accident. To discover it and so extend it

requires acute insight and careful investigation which is now one of the important tasks of education. Until we know in scientific detail what can be transferred, we must get results by having the desirable trait practiced as a response to as many various and concrete situations as we can. To continue the attempt to instill abstract honesty and logic and kindliness in the inexperienced is foolish and costly; it is as one educator suggests, like looking for roast pig after burning down the temple. What is learned through the wasteful method of formal discipline is not readily available for instant and general use. It may stick in the pupil's memory like an irrelevant bothersome bur that gives no help in meeting new perplexities.

In subtle, unsuspected ways the old taxidermic method in the classroom of stuffing young minds with information may defeat the very purpose of education. A boy obliged to memorize the names of the kings of England may develop an aversion to history. Being forced to dissect poetry he may be cutting to pieces without hope of resurrection all his im-

pulses to appreciate it. There are students in China to whom the Bible is now a closed book because in compulsory classes they once studied Old Testament stories unrelated to their lives. While a pupil is being taught moral lessons that have no bearing on the needs he feels, he may at the same time be learning to dislike his teacher and many things associated with him, including organized religion. Unconsciously there may be stamped in him this philosophy fatal to progress. "The way to get along with older people is to repeat what they want you to say—but you don't have to mean a word of it!"

Tagore reminds us that you may strike the bud, you may shake it, but you cannot make it blossom. The evidence is clear enough now that genuine morality cannot be indoctrinated and pounded into pupils. A headmaster of the early nineteenth century sought to inculcate the Sixth Beatitude by preaching about it and then saying, "Now, boys, be pure in heart! For if not, I'll flog you until you are!" The result of this kind of tuition described by André Maurois was not exactly happy. From

Eton School were graduated many smooth-tongued hypocrites. An animal trainer is able by drilling to gain external control over the motions of his pet dog; a teacher can force upon a child a number of fixed ways of acting. But he cannot bring by compulsion that true education which is "desirable modification of mind."

This can come only as a learner participates in activities that have meaning for him, meaning that he recognizes, and the chance to look ahead, make choices, and so develop foresight and inventiveness.

The work of the Experimental School in Goodman, Missouri, indicates the possibilities and values of this new philosophy of education. The curriculum was no ready-made, logically-arranged series of things that had to be learned in assigned segments; it consisted, as Dr. William H. Kilpatrick describes it, of the purposes of the pupils. The teachers were there to guide them so that they would not capriciously do just what they wished but would "wish what they did." The school was a vital, selected part of the community; a means by

which they could have their present needs and urgent desires answered through effort inherently satisfying. Mr. Ellsworth Collings, the superintendent, considered the best preparation for the future to be rich, zestful, challenging activity which would "lead on to further activity."

One Monday morning in 1918 the ten- or eleven-year-old chairman of one of the groups reported that Mary and Johnny Smith were absent. Their neighbor, Tommy, explained that they had typhoid fever; his own mother, he added, could not understand why the Smiths had typhoid fever in their home every fall. It was recalled that an older brother had died of this. The group decided to study the situation and do something definite about it. An investigation was planned and worked out. Everybody in the class set out to learn all he could about the causes. The local doctor was interviewed. Bulletins were sent for from the board of health, and Tommy was delegated to drop in on Mr. Smith and tactfully see if he would not coöperate with them.

Visiting the home (Minnie brought along a

bunch of flowers for the patients), the children found that the source of the trouble was not the well, nor the milk, but the unsanitary surroundings: there was a hog-pen adjoining the yard, a large manure pile in the barnyard, and an open garbage pail.

After further research, surprisingly exhaustive and relevant, the group sent in carefully-worded recommendations to Mr. Smith. They made it clear how the flies bred in the refuse near his house and how the cause could be removed. They made fly traps for him.

As a consequence Mr. Smith cleaned up his yard and screened his house, and became an intelligent combater of the fly. The next fall found his family free of sickness from typhoid. The total knowledge that came to those boys and girls out of that thrilling experience of several weeks' research and experimentation and group discussion cannot be measured.

But even from the point of view of statistics the school as a whole demonstrably got better results than two other schools of the locality under the old system, which were kept under scientific observation. The attendance,

for example, was better, and the discipline; the acquisition of skills was noticeably superior.

The teacher of to-morrow will offer the facilities for the growth of that "exquisite alertness" and freshness of mind which enhance personality. He will refrain from unloading upon immature minds information unrelated to their lives. He will remember with Nietzsche that "many a man fails to become a good thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good." But on a wider scale than ever before he will develop that historical-mindedness which James Harvey Robinson recognizes as an indispensable tool of progress: "The present has hitherto been the willing victim of the past. The time has come when it should turn on the past and exploit it in the interests of advance."

He will be a mediator. Through him will be sifted for his pupils' use whatever findings in the experience of the race will fit them to meet their difficulties more adequately. There will be such free opportunity for trial and error as to beget the habit of investigation, and of that critical discrimination by which growing

control of the environment may be gained. But learning through first-hand experience will not be reckless. The young can be shown just how former hands have been burned in the fire. If an especially impetuous and willful learner wishes to test out what the fire feels like, the guide can save him from catching fire and summarily ending his chance of learning further.

But his chief purpose will be to rescue his pupils from routine, from the slow death of remaining in grooves. From the passive acceptance of standards which were good enough for folk in the past as temporary solutions of their immediate problems, but which are now stubbornly in the way. The teacher to come will be no pompous salesman for predigested intellectual food, but a stimulus and a challenger and a fellow learner, helping those who are young and those who would keep young, to work out effective solutions to existing problems and so enrich personality.

Since the most acute problems are coming to be recognized as dealing with human beings rather than inanimate things, there will be more

and more exploration into personal relationships. The teacher will put the results of psychological research to uses now scarcely dreamed of. He will base his teaching on his knowledge of the past, but most of all on his knowledge of how his students feel and what they deeply want and what kinds of social enterprise attract and interest them. He will enter into the inner life of his pupils as a novelist does with his characters. There will be such frankness between them as will prevent the fixation of those emotional patterns which the psychoanalyst is now trying to cure. Education will be an ever-increasing experiment in creative comradeship, a constant excursion into the mountains, a leading on and on from one ridge to a wider horizon of sharing. If a painful fact has to be taught it will not be without a mutually appreciated smile. And there will be breathless glimpses into the beauty that beckons those who climb.

Human nature will be seen through appreciative eyes. It will be treated not as putty to be restricted to a few conventional possibilities, but for what the researchers are

proving it unquestionably to be: "the most marvelously delicate and infinitely plastic substance in the world," to be not conformed, but transformed. Before it the teacher will stand in reverence.

The educational approach of Jesus and Socrates is amazingly ahead of that which still prevails. They probably produced and distributed ideas and emotions on a wider and more effective scale than any other two men. But to do this, they depended on no machinery. They relied, rather, on the direct impact of mind meeting mind. They simply went about and talked among friends, risking even in the crucial hour before death the most cherished truth on them. Socrates' genius for opening minds is proverbial.

But to me, Jesus, in the method and content of his teaching, was if anything more revolutionary. The accepted method of the rabbi then as with many professors to-day was by dint of repetition and exegesis to pound into the pupil ideas about morality, traditional abstractions, irrespective of the needs of moral living. Jesus refused to do this. He would

not transmit knowledge unrelated to life situations. When he quoted, it was with discrimination. Not parchment but the human scenes and happenings around him and his hearers made up his teaching material. What he was always driving at was the necessity of learning from first hand vital experience, from experimentation for oneself with the larger meanings of life.

Growth comes from using all possible light gained from the past and then deciding things for oneself and venturing out on one's own. What impresses one about Jesus is the power he had to leave the dead in the past to bury its dead; present vividly the best that was available from the past; and put in people's way a project that would grip them with a sense of significance: the coming community of intimate relationships. Always he could thrust into people's attention the fact that before them lay a forked road; it would continue to prove forked—and they had to choose for themselves which course they would take.

What he valued most was responsiveness, teachableness. What called out his gratitude

was not the stored-up wisdom of those experts "who know all about a thing and know it all wrong," it was the incredible capacity of the babes and sucklings to receive revelation. The children whose possibilities were uncaptured by custom, whose imaginations were not stiff-necked, they were the ones that called out his wonder. And the blessed, according to a recent translation of one of his sayings, were the open-minded folk, those "conscious of their spiritual need." Apparently there was for him one sin that could not be forgiven: the sin of refusing to grow. To the last, to the death, he fought against that ultimate blasphemy which denies that the nature of man can be changed.

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CHAPTER VIII

BEYOND SCIENCE

IN 1922 three or four of us who had been studying together in New York City drifted into a dormitory room for an hour's casual conversation. The talk turned to the kind of religion that is likely to give driving energy to the coming generation. One of the group had recently struggled through three years of atheism to a sense of the immediacy of God and now he was musing as if he were seeing a truth that he could not help expressing: "Look at the way Steinmetz and those researchers up the river are making electricity jump across from one wire to another, like lightning. I tell you, fellows, things look pretty dark in the world right now. But why shouldn't we be able to make discoveries and hitch up great energies in the spiritual world the way those inventors are doing?"

Just then he turned on an electric bulb.

"Maybe," he exclaimed with the eagerness of a new revelation, "we'll learn to switch on the light just like this!"

It would be absurdly arbitrary to claim that this generation is working out a religion that is going to flood us with sudden light, as that room was illuminated. But whatever the results, whether we come upon something revolutionary or no, a few in the Far East as well as the West, with a forward view, are carrying on an experiment of faith, not in caves and monasteries isolated and unspotted from the world, where ancient religionists often made their research magnificent, but in those laboratories of life where mind meets mind to grapple with the social disorders of the day. Believing that authentic religion abhors a vacuum, we are launching out on a new venture of faith—faith that is little concerned with formulating systems of beliefs but that is very much occupied with going wherever the scientific spirit leads and following the gleam of values beyond the reach of science.

Before long, researchers and measurers and classifiers will be invading the inmost citadel

of the spiritual life. Following the law of parsimony these investigators will be obliged by their self-imposed "ordinance of discipline" to reduce what they observe to the lowest possible terms. They will expose with approximate exactitude the mechanics of prayer: what happens and what does not happen. It may be that as a result we will have to give up certain forms of worship dear now to some of us. Certainly, men will cease trying to cajole the Ruler of the Universe into doing things for them that they must do for themselves.

Those who would coöperate with the Unseen can react to this light and simplification of science in two ways. One is to attempt to shelter the inner life, as a mother shields a child behind her skirts. The other is to welcome the unflinching honesty of research and take advantage of it; not to repudiate the naturalistic *description* of science, but to go beyond the naturalistic *interpretation* of some scientists who stop too short.

There are youths who prefer the latter attitude. They feel, as a young negro friend says, that the "laboratory method of laying

bare the roots and relations of things is a gift of God." The more that is known about those inner levers of the mind and machinery which is ready to be manipulated, the greater can be the mastery of men over the resources of life. Prayer which discards the impertinent and futile and which concentrates on the relevant may thus become an instrument, increasingly perfected, for adjusting ourselves to the highest and widest demands of our environment. Realism will redeem us from vain repetitions, from the superficial contortion of trying to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. With the new knowledge of the secret devices by which the mind tends to dress up foolish impulses with pseudo-reasons, we shall be able to act less blindly and more freely.

Why, then, should not prayer become, not something to be embarrassed about and apologized for, but a normal function of the modern man; a heightened sense of the Source that would give one an increasingly conscious relationship and union with the personal currents stirring the universe, a habit of critical self-examination, in which one could look

at oneself not morbidly but objectively, even humorously, so that intelligent readjustment would be more possible. Why should it not be a prospective attitude, a looking ahead into personal situations so that one could imaginatively and appreciatively prepare in advance to feel the personalities of people?

If the atom, to the degree that it is in the proper relationship with other atoms and with the energy that moves so mysteriously through the world, can be the vehicle of vast force, it is reasonable to hazard that human beings, as they learn effectively to surrender themselves to spiritual forces, may likewise be transmitters of tremendous transforming power.

We feel that we have not yet begun to tap these resources of spiritual power. By remaining apart as hard individualistic units we never shall. To us this is a social age, an age of circulation. "Be on your toes!" a thousand voices cry. "Get out of your rut, your Main Street; travel! Mix with all sorts of people! Let's away from the stuffy, petty valleys that isolate people! Let's on together toward the broad plateaus where the freer winds are blow-

ing!" But circulation in itself is not enough. For it is possible to talk to five hundred persons and not really meet one, to keep going so many hectic "contacts" that we only tickle the surface of personality. What we universally crave these days more than anything else is kinship. We would have the most genuinely personal part of us understood by others and completely used. We would have the depths within us answered by the depths in those we call our friends. And those depths are not answered by jostlings in the street, by gregarious gossip at lunch, by smoking room conversations.

And so we would turn to this adventure in faith: to seek the more than ordinary expansion of spirit that results when in frankness a company of trusted friends meet together to seek a solution for common problems. This enlarging experience we do not often find at customary church services: perhaps they have become too customary, or it may be there are assembled there too many folk of antagonistic temperaments and ways of thinking to allow for trust, directness and frankness. At rare

moments something analogous to it is found at symphony concerts when the audience is utterly identified with the beauty and movement of the music; or at gatherings where there is a unity of purpose and a commanding personality whose magnetism is not used to impose his will on us but to draw out the deepest insights we have.

The occasion where this unanimity of spirit is felt most keenly and unfailingly is in small intimate group meetings of four or eight or twelve, where there is a willingness all round to face crucial issues without fear or bigotry or embarrassment.

A member of such a group of students that meets once a week, I am convinced after two years' experience that the idea, though difficult to explain psychologically, has a value that makes it worth experimenting with on a wide scale. Working separately in the library or the outside world, we become harassed by schedules, cluttered up with theories, scattered and pessimistic. So, like most of our contemporaries, what we need is freshness of spirit and sharpness of mind with which to

attack our job. This we get with surprising frequency as we meet together, apparently in proportion as we trust each other and share our difficulties with frankness.

The difficulty may be one of personal conflicts and confusions. Few can escape the gnawing anxiety of the sex question. The more vital the temperament the more insistent the stress. As we try to get out of the maze of this question together, acknowledging tensions and repressions, there is discovered to us a fact that sets us free: whereas in our unhappy ignorance we have imagined ourselves unique and alone in these worries, the opposite proves to be the case. Our friends, for all their apparent poise, are under the same torrent, in the same struggle. And just talking it over among them, without suspicion and with sympathy, is like having a window opened, and a great refreshing wind blow all the preoccupation and stuffiness away. Courage and singleness of mind, the kind of purity we value, come to us with an immense relief of conscience and a release of energy that can now be directed toward socially useful ends.

Perhaps a member of the group feels his helplessness in working for world peace; or he is oppressed with his inability to help vitally the men he has seen in the factories of his home city. Whatever the perplexity, he submits it to his friends who focus their minds upon it. After a few moments of such corporate confession and mutual analysis, often touched with humor, there is, if the group feel so inclined, spontaneous prayer. As a result of that openness with each other and interplay of confidence, something is generated that sends us out elated and clear, ready to take the next step with verve and conviction.

This give and take of the group not only stimulates initiative toward doing the right thing, and the feeling of definite direction; it creates a new and quick sensitiveness to the needs and interest of folk, an enlivened sense that the divine is in everybody, an eagerness to respond to that exciting mysterious force in men that is personality. And it makes conversational fencing unsatisfying. To spend words adroitly parrying the other fellow's efforts to get at the heart of us, with talk about sports,

the weather, the stock market and nothing more, seems now absurdly beside the point.

Dealing with men directly, naturally, and frankly as one is now moved to do, instead of with the staleness of conventional conversation, there is discovered an amazing willingness on the part of most people to respond in the same manner. They uncover the dark places where their spirit is being eaten away; they also reveal capacities for growth that the callousness of ordinary contacts leaves untouched. The job now is to put these men in touch with a group, or help them form one of their own, so that these untried powers can be aroused and released.

The word "mysticism" is shocking to not a few. It connotes the self-centered rapture of a soul swallowed up in contemplation of the One in the many. It suggests the anti-scientific, the fanatically occult, the unsocial. Much of the mysticism of the past no doubt has lent itself to dogmatism, and a vertical absorption in deity rather than a horizontal self-identification with mankind. The insights he gained in his peculiar visions, the followers of a great

prophet became inclined to force upon other folk if need be by the sword. The tendency to stress solitude at the expense of social service, an enlightened seer proclaimed in the advice, "Go off by yourself alone like a rhinoceros." The faith that was as a mighty fortress to a leader of the Reformation, he once felt he had to defend by making out reason to be a harlot.

But can we not slough off the historical mistakes and avail ourselves of the central abiding value of mysticism? In essence it is "immediate awareness of God." This immediate awareness, so I believe, can be attained in such ways as to be congruous with science, tolerant toward other points of view, and socially creative. It can be found in "a wise passiveness," in listening to the still small voice within, in the quietness of mind where one becomes susceptible anew to the influences that are most spiritual. It can also be found in that group experience just described: in entering with direct sympathy into the spirit of friends drawn together in frankness and trust; in the intimacy of a small group whose will is to as-

certain the will of God and come into harmony with that Will.

This latter method of seeking to get into strengthening touch with infinite friendly energy we can call group mysticism. To us, the old path of seeking God in solitude all by oneself is too circuitous. One may be lured into bypaths by some will-o'-the-wisp illusion, imagining it to be truth. With friends along to share with him *their* vision, he may follow his illumination with more assurance. Having reached a conclusion, an all-convincing sense of reality, he can through them the better test it.

The marriage relationship offers possibilities for this enlarging experience of spirit that as yet have been little understood. The conditions were suggested in a previous chapter. Not many, perhaps, are deliberately setting out to fulfill those conditions, but a few are unconsciously reaching after the values of what might be termed marriage mysticism. Jealousy they would not wear proudly on their breasts like a medal for gallantry; to them it is the insignia of stupidity. The one whom

they marry they would not treat as property to be possessed, but as a personality with whom to be united. As there can be no mysticism where there is self-consciousness, they would become natural and not be twisted by the forced repressions of asceticism. They would realize something of that holiness of growing candor and the beauty of sharing by which it is felt that God can be experienced directly and with luminous freshness.

The kinship thus gained will not be restricted to themselves. Children coming into such a home will be treated as individuals with personalities to be respected. Families will be drawn together as never before. Here and there before hearths bright with the fervor of mind meeting mind, one has had refreshing glimpses of this new way of living; and some of us are planning to carry into as many relationships as we can that freedom from embarrassment, which goes with a deep spiritual experience.

It is true that great hearts have attacked the evils of the world with immense valor and open-mindedness, unconscious of communion

with any spirit or group of spirits, and to belittle their service would be like ignoring the soldiers who went over the lines on their own in single-seater fighting places. But for ourselves, we are convinced that the thrill of being together with others of like purpose on a dedicated quest for light and power can carry us on a current of enthusiasm often lacking to those who struggle alone.

How this quest fits in with the regular activities and structure of organized religion, we do not pretend to know. Quite possibly the church will become an agency through which small intimate groups may coördinate their efforts. Conceivably in order to meet the demand for kinship that has scarcely yet been even articulated, the church will develop into units not too large for the experience of group mysticism.

Apparently it was in such an experience that the movement of Jesus began. One conventional interpretation represents Jesus as first and last a private mystic; and it is recorded that he once recommended that people pray in a room apart from others. The situation that

called out his remark was bad enough to deserve this emphasis: the pompously righteous were parroting and parading their petitions in the most conspicuous places they could find. It is also evident that he spent whole nights alone on the hills probing into his relationship with the all-pervading personal spirit which he addressed as Father. But these periods of absence beside the packed-full days in the midst of men appear as interludes between the acts of a great drama, breathing moments in the thick of the fight.

Jesus' capacity to draw upon the purpose and meaning of what to him was a living universe was so far-reaching that many identify him with that meaning and purpose.

Whether or not this is to interpret the world aright is a question beyond our consideration. What concerns us is this open secret of Jesus: he had such an immediate, objective sense of God, that we cannot tear his ethics apart from that union; it was a relationship in which he moved more constantly than any husband with wife, or mother with child or friend with friend.

But Jesus had a way of meeting people as though it were prayer, as though in human intercourse he were feeling the impact of infinite energy from a realm beyond our ken. How his friends needed him is widely known. It has not yet been emphasized enough how he needed them. On one occasion he broke into thanksgiving for what they meant to his purpose. At the last supper we see him opening himself utterly to them, sharing with full candor and trustfulness. Giving all he had. Can it be said he received nothing there; felt there, in that communion where spirit with spirit met, no inrush of power?

A corporal in the Canadian army, who had to stick out intolerable bombarding for more than three weeks on the front line in France, water up to his knees, food not a third enough, when asked what it was that kept him and the others going, said: "Just one thing. We couldn't let down our pals beside and behind us."

Was it not the sense of such interdependence and more that sent Jesus on to the supreme sacrifice; and a short time before, on the way

toward Jerusalem, where the forces against him were gathering to break him? His comrades were dismayed. The strain was too much for them. But Jesus—and we can picture him turning to challenge them and catching something in their eyes that was not yet daunted—his white garments flapping in the breeze from the sea, swings off with them up and over the hill.

To-day, feeling ourselves to be isolated, separate units, we are in danger not only of being dismayed but of going dead as we attack the problems confronting us; the problems of competitive nationalism and industry, disharmony between the sexes and races, intolerant dogmatism and indoctrination for things as they are. Disillusionment or diffidence will overtake and paralyze us as it has paralyzed thousands of keen-minded contemporaries if we remain with our eyes to the ground, fighting alone.

But standing up to look into the eyes of comrades, both in our own group and across the seas, with whom we are pledged to work for a new way of living, we can, corrobrated

by them, become possessed of a quality, a courage and a certitude not of ourselves. It may be that this awakening of morale and release of enthusiasm that breaks out among closely knit groups of spiritual adventurers will jump from mind to mind like a spark that nothing can quench. It may be that this strengthening sense of kinship will leap from continent to continent to fuse the young-minded of the world in a single enterprise toward brotherhood.

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